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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—DE FOE.

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POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

While Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury are bearing the burden and the heat of diplomacy at Berlin, it is not to be imagined that the members of the Cabinet who have been left at home are having an easy time. They have gone away apparently without saying whether they wished girls as well as boys to have the benefit of the new educational endowment which has been proposed for Ireland out of the church surplus, and have left the Lord Chancellor a perplexed butt for the questions of Lord Granville. The Eastern Question being for the moment in abeyance. Lord George Hamilton has been driven to despair by all sorts of inquiries and motions as to the details of his department, school fees, subjects of instruction, savings'-banks, inspectors—all sorts of things that "no fellow can understand." As for Sir Stafford Northcote, he makes no secret of "the difficulty under which he labours in fixing the order of business." The legislative labours of the Session have been stupendous, but many bills still remain undisposed of—the Enclosure Bill, the Admiralty and War Office Bill, the Cattle Bill, the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, the Highways Bill, the Irish Intermediate Education Bill. With this last Bill Sir Stafford has bribed the Obstructives into silence, but still he is anxious and perplexed, and replies with feeling when Lord Hartington, with an air of being really desirous to know, appeals to him "to give all the information in his power as to the intentions of the Government." It is no easy matter to ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm of a Parliament so consumed with zeal for new legislation as the present. Sir Stafford Northcote is much to be pitied.

What would happen to Parliament if it should decide to issue a complete official report of its proceedings, and *The Times* in consequence should cease to report debates at length? If we may accept the authority of Mr. Charles Ross, the chief of the Parliamentary reporting staff of *The Times*, it is only from a patriotic motive that the leading journal gives so much space to the debates, and this motive would operate no longer if there were an official report from which constituents might learn what their representatives were doing. Mr. Ross has long thought that *The Times* was "sacrificing itself by giving these long reports." He does not believe that anybody reads them, and "at present there is a great deal of interesting matter which is paid for and cannot be used because of the debates." "Advertisements are also kept out—perhaps about six columns a day, and each of these must be roughly said to involve a loss of ten pounds." Evidently *The Times*, on Mr. Ross's showing, is making a noble sacrifice for its country. It is true Mr. Walter somewhat diminished the weight of Mr. Ross's authority by bringing out in examination that "what he had said as to the probable effect on the report of *The Times*, which would be produced by the issuing of an official report, he had been simply expressing his own individual opinion." The present proprietor of *The Times* will not commit himself to saying that he will discontinue the reports, whatever may be the sacrifice. Still he did not deny that *The Times* does publish its long reports at a loss. It has long been known that lengthy reports of any but exceptionally important speeches could not be given without loss by penny daily newspapers; and, if an official report would give *The Times* a temptation to abbreviate its reports as well, perhaps the members whose anger at not getting justice done to their speeches has produced this agitation for an official report will think again before they condemn more fortunate rivals for publicity to the same obscurity as themselves. A House of Commons unreported in the newspapers would seriously lose in standing as a national institution.

An article of the Paris Convention of 1858 declares that:—"Tous les Moldaves Valaques sont égaux devant la loi, devant l'impôt, et sont également admissibles aux emplois publics. Les Moldaves et les Valaques de tous les rites Chétiens jouiront également des droits politiques. La jouissance de ces droits pourra être étendue aux autres cultes par des dispositions législatives." It is well known that the Roumanian Government has not thought fit to exercise the discretionary powers thus entrusted to it twenty years ago. The Jews are still aliens in the land, and will remain so unless the Congress interferes in their behalf. Hence the sensible and temperately-worded memorials on the subject that have been presented to the English Plenipotentiaries at Berlin by the representatives of the London Committee of Deputies of British Jews, of the Anglo-Jewish Association, and the Alliance Universelle of Paris, the last of which has commissioned some of its members to the German capital. The Jewish question, however, in the estimation of many Roumanians, is not religious, but social and political. Perhaps the chief civil grievance under which the Roumanian Jews suffer is their disability to possess real estate. The Jews, it is argued, "have a practical monopoly of the floating captital of the country which is available for the purchase of the estates of the boyars, who have become bankrupt through their improvidence." The Jews, therefore, are to be oppressed because they are thrifty and industrious, and the boyars pampered because they are lazy and improvident. Moreover, other aliens are subjected to the same disabilities as the Jews, so that the revival of the Jewish question may yet lead to a solution of the subject of foreign settlement in

Roumania. In fact, there is a strong party in Bucharest which would consent to the removal of restrictions against all aliens whatever for the sake of swamping the Israelite.

The more the case of Marven is talked over the more apparent it becomes that the Government officials have been guilty of gross negligence in putting important secret documents into the hands of a copying-clerk paid at the rate of 10*d.* an hour. We wonder whether Marven would have been prosecuted if Lord Beaconsfied had been at home. It is really very creditable on the part of the Government to have advertised their own negligence in this way, and to have removed from the Russian Embassy the reproach of having communicated the document to the newspapers. It would have been so easy to let the matter pass as "an old Muscovite trick," and add another to the score of honest John Bull's dislike of the perfidious Russian. We may doubt whether the Government ought to have concluded such an agreement and tried to keep it secret; and we may look upon Marven as more worthy of a statue than a jail for the public service he is said to have rendered; but too much credit cannot be given to the Government for the honest courage with which they have braved exposure.

The Sunday Society has discovered that the terrible penalties with which the new Criminal Code threatened Sabbath-breakers were inserted by accident and not by design. A member of a political club which meets occasionally for dinner and discussion told us the other day that he had just rendered himself liable to fourteen years' penal servitude, under the code, by dining with his club at Richmond on Sunday, and making arrangements with two other members to go together to the place of meeting. It is pleasing to know that no such reign of terror as this is imminent over our Day of Rest; still there is room for improvement in the Code in the directions indicated by the following resolution of the Sunday Society:—"That this committee is glad to learn from the reply of the Home Secretary to the resolution passed at its last meeting, that no change in the law, at any rate in the direction feared by this committee, is contemplated by the New Criminal Code Bill; the committee, however, still maintain that sections 109 and 114 would put new life into that part of the Acts of 21st Geo. III. which had virtually become a dead letter in so far as it applies to such places as the Zoological Gardens. Further, that this committee fails to see how amendments of sections 109 and 114, as suggested by Sir J. Stephen in his letter to *The Times* on July 1, can be of any avail while the Acts of 21st Geo. III. remain intact."

The Habitual Drunkards Bill, introduced by Dr. Cameron, is a somewhat funny but a highly judicious application of the permissive principle which has been such a feature in recent legislation. As the Bill was printed, it proposed to deal with habitual drunkards as lunatics, and to give their relatives the power, under proper precautions, of having them placed under restraint in curative institutions. A magistrate might, at the instance of relatives, summon a habitual drunkard before him; the case was to be heard at petty sessions, the drunkard having a power of appeal, and the evidence being, if desired, heard in private; once incarcerated in a sanatorium, the drunkard could only be liberated by the manager, with the consent of two justices of the peace. But, though Dr. Cameron had taken every precaution against abuse of this procedure, he has thought it wise to abandon this part of his Bill, and, if it becomes law, it will only provide that a drunkard may go before a magistrate and sign away his liberty for a definite period in order that everything may be done that medical skill can do to reclaim him. There are already several sanatoria for drunkards in different parts of the country, and patients are found willing, in their moments of repentant sobriety, to enter them, but the defect in the present system is that, when the craving recurs, the manager of the sanatorium has no power of detention. This defect Dr. Cameron's Bill would remedy, the man or woman who once consented to enter having no power of getting out again till their cure had been effected, or the period for which they had agreed to give the system a trial had expired. The measure has a comic side, but we all know that habitual drunkenness has a side which is very much the reverse of comic to those brought closely into contact with it, and the author of such a Bill has fairly established a title to be made a saint in the legislative calendar.

An equally judicious but unhappily less successful attempt to apply the permissive principle was made by Sir John Lubbock on Thursday. He proposed, as he proposed before, that elementary science should be added to the list of extra subjects in which schools may obtain payment for results. Sir John has long been trying in every direction to get our system of education in all its grades made less bookish, and to let boys and girls have at least a chance of being taught something about the properties of things in the world round them as well as having their minds stored with the facts and principles of history, geography, and grammar. He has had great difficulty in convincing people that the elements of natural science are really much simpler and more intelligible to the minds of children than much that is at present sedulously driven into their ears by the schoolmaster, but it appeared from the debate on Thursday that he is making converts. Not very long ago Mr. Forster made a speech in which he opposed Sir John Lubbock's suggestions as impracticable, asserted the superior importance of history as a subject of school instruction, and doubted whether children could be made to understand science. Now, however, Mr. Forster explains that he understood that Sir John Lubbock meant "to make the teaching of elementary natural science more or less compulsory in all schools," admits that "there may be some schools in which it is more desirable to teach elementary science than grammar, or history, or geography," expresses himself as convinced that "as it would be arranged it would not be one whit more difficult to learn elementary science than to learn history or geography," and, with an honesty that does him credit, supports Sir John Lubbock's proposal.

Lord George Hamilton's opposition to the admission of elementary science among optional subjects is a good illustration of the evil of not having elementary science taught in public schools, as well as the drawback of having a gay and skittish imagination. Lord George is a lively debater, and takes clear and sensible views of subjects that he knows, but elementary science he does not know, and, viewing the unknown region from afar, he is appalled by its apparent magnitude. "What is natural science?" he asked on Thursday. "It is very well for the hon. baronet to say that he does not mean anything difficult. At the rooms of the Royal Society, which was established for the promotion of natural science, I find lectures had been delivered in biology, chemistry, natural history, mechanics, astronomy, mathematics, and botany. The subject is so wide that teachers might give instruction in any conceivable subject, and, unless the House is prepared to add very largely to the educational expenditure, it would be impossible to add natural science to the subjects already taught." Dr. Lyon Playfair told the terrified head of the Education Department that the subject was not so immense and undefined as he supposed, and perhaps Lord George will take a calmer view when next the matter is brought before Parliament. He might as well have opposed a proposal to teach reading to a little child by urging that it was all very well to say reading was not a difficult subject, but he had been to the British Museum and seen that all conceivable subjects might be comprised under that name; there was Latin and Greek, and Arabic and Sanscrit, and thousands of curious dialects; and, if schoolmasters were allowed to give instruction in reading, they might be found puzzling their classes with the awful mysteries of Egyptian hieroglyphics. The thing could not be done without adding enormously to the national expenditure.

The House of Commons very properly refused by a large majority to let the Metropolitan Board of Works have any share in the management of Epping Forest. All the glory of saving this open space for the public belongs to the Corporation, and, if they desire the honour of being the custodians of Epping Forest, to preserve the memory of the good fight they fought, it is one of the brightest jewels in their crown, and they should be allowed to wear it. The Board of Works took no part in the battle, and have no right to any share in the reward. To do the Board justice, they do not seem to have been any more anxious now than they were in 1864 to be bothered with Epping Forest. It is their constituents apparently—the inhabitants of the metropolis outside the City—that wish to force the honour upon them, because they think that the battle was fought with money which they had contributed, and that therefore they ought to have a certain amount of representation, modestly fixed at four members out of sixteen, on the Committee of Management. The corn dues, out of which the Epping Forest litigation were paid, no doubt come out of the pockets of the inhabitants of the metropolis at large; but, if they wished, by claiming a share in the management of Epping Forest, to assert the principle that representation should be coincident with taxation, they ought to have asked to have a larger proportion of the Committee allotted to them. This principle not being raised, and the question being considered purely as an affair of honour, there can be no doubt to whom the honour is due. The Corporation may be trusted to take good care of what they acquired with such admirable spirit, and, if they should occasionally give "civic entertainments in the forest," they may, for once, eat and drink with a good conscience, feeling that the indulgence has been honestly earned.

Mrs. P. A. Taylor made an interesting quotation from Tacitus at a meeting of the Woman's Suffrage Society on Monday. "Plutarch, in his 'Treatise on the Virtues of the Female Sex,' relates that a dispute arose among the tribes of Celtic emigrants, before they passed over the Alps, so fierce and violent that nothing but the decision of the sword could end the quarrel. The Celtic women on that occasion rushed between the two armies, and determined the question with such good sense, that the Celtic nations ever after made it their practice to call women to their consultations about peace and war." Has anything of this kind been happening lately at Berlin?

In India, when your *khansamah*, or native barber, or *gharry-wallah*, makes his charge, he regulates the amount by the figure of your monthly pay—which he knows to a rupee—or by the show which you make in the world, or the grandeur of the special occasion. Your gharry hire to a *burra khana*—big dinner—comes to double the ordinary fare; and to cut it down again by one-half would be considered an act of meanness unworthy of a *sahib*. In the same way, it would be useless to remonstrate against the charge for your big-dinner shave, and to argue that in England the price is the same whatever the occasion, ranging from a penny to sixpence, whether the person operated upon be a costermonger or a duke. More in sorrow than in anger, the shaver protests against your lowering yourself to the level of a common *kerani;* your better feelings prevail, and you reward him with princely prodigality. The Shah of Persia must have thought East and West were pretty much alike when, the other day, the French hotelkeepers charged him twenty francs each for his chickens, nearly three guineas for a melon, and eight hundred francs for three drives in a carriage, and supplied him with cigars at four-and-twopence a piece. The Shah, however, did not imitate the prodigal *sahibs*. He smoked the cigars and paid his own price, and, to cut a long story short, he reduced the Fontainebleau bill from 14,200 francs to 9,000 francs. It was one of the few wise things he ever did in his lifetime. But what does this miserable potentate mean by loafing about the world in this extravagant manner? It was with a feeling of relief that we read that instead of coming to London he has gone off to Vienna.

It was at Kieff, our readers may remember, that Solomin, the hero of Tourgénief's recent novel concerning Socialism, established his co-operative factory. Solomin was a steady, prudent man, who was always repressing the zeal of more hasty colleagues, and, if there is any truth in the reports of the panic caused in Kieff by the issue of Nihilist threatening letters, it would appear that he has again found a proper occasion for his wise counsels. But perhaps the scare which is said to have paralysed the Russian executive at Kieff is baseless.

OUR TRIUMPH AT THE CONGRESS.

The "glorious triumph" which England was described by Ministerial apologists as having won through the acquisition for Turkey of the line of the Balkans as her military frontier does not seem to be a very remarkable achievement, after all. Our diplomacy, to speak the truth, has succeeded, at the risk of an European war, in preventing any immediate solution of the Eastern Question, and in prolonging for a few years, more or less, the death agony of the Ottoman Empire in Europe; but beyond this we have done little or nothing. Whether it is an advantage to England and the world at large that the Turks should still rule provinces west of the Bosphorus is a question on which opinions may and do differ. But to the credit, such as it is, of having protracted this rule by their policy Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues are fairly entitled. More than this, however, they cannot claim, and any attempt to represent the measures adopted by the Congress as constituting a triumph for British statesmanship can only tend to make its authors ridiculous. The general character of the arrangements concluded at Berlin may, from a general point of view, be deemed satisfactory. But our satisfaction cannot be based on any comparison of the results attained and those to whose attainment our Government had virtually pledged the country. To the question, what we have done for the different clients whose cause we have in turn espoused, it would be difficult to return an answer. We have provided Turkey with a military frontier, which all experience shows she has no prospect of defending without the help of England, and we can give her no guarantee that such help will be forthcoming in time of need. We have not restored Kars to the dominion of the Sultan, we are not going, as it would seem, to make a stand about Batoum. In fact, as Prince Bismarck pointed out in a conversation reported recently by a correspondent of *The Times*, our Government had precluded themselves from opposing the cession of Batoum by the Salisbury-Schouvaloff convention. We have not relieved the Porte, as yet, from the crushing weight of the war indemnity with which it is burdened. We have actually proposed the detachment from Turkey of two provinces of which the Treaty of San Stefano would have left her in undisturbed possession. We fully admit that the annexation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina by Austria is an advantage to Europe. All we complain of is the flagrant inconsistency that we, who professed throughout to be the champions of the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire, should have been the first to propose its dismemberment. Yet this, in sober truth, is what we, through our Government, have done for Turkey.

With regard to Greece, we should find it even more difficult to answer an inquiry as to what we have done in fulfilment of our promises. We were under no obligation towards the Hellenic kingdom, and, up to a few months ago, we might have fairly pleaded that the aggrandizement of Greece was no concern of ours. But, when the fall of Plevna had shown that the defeat of Turkey was imminent, our Government awoke to the necessity of espousing the interests of Hellenism. Europe was suddenly startled by the announcement that England had undertaken to secure the admission of Greece to the Congress, and intended to advocate the development of Hellenic influence in the Balkan peninsula as a barrier against the Sclav supremacy. To what extent these announcements were in accordance with truth has never yet

been disclosed. It is certain, however, that our Government took credit through their official organs for having assumed the championship of Greece, and for having thereby baffled the designs of Russia. It is even more certain that, when Greece was prepared to take advantage of the disorganisation ensuing upon the collapse of Turkey to effect the occupation of Thessaly, England interfered to restrain her action. There is every reason to believe that distinct representations were made from London to Athens to the effect that, if Greece would consent not to jeopardise the pacifie solution of the Eastern difficulty by promoting an insurrection in Thessaly, she should not lose by her forbearance. In consequence of these representations, the Greek troops were recalled from Turkish territory, and a signal opportunity for extending the frontiers of the kingdom was allowed to pass unemployed. Under these circumstances, Greece is only too well justified in asking England what we have done for her. We have not secured her admission to the Congress. We have not succeeded in emancipating Crete from Turkish rule. We have not been able to obtain any important accession of territory for Greece upon the mainland; and, according to the latest reports, all the Congress, at our instigation, even proposes to do is to recommend Turkey for her own advantage to extend the area of the Greek dominions—a recommendation which is of about as much practical value as the paper on which it is written. No candid observer can doubt that, if Greece had followed the example of Servia and Montenegro, and had profited by the disasters of Turkey to effect an armed occupation of Ottoman territory, the *beati possidentes* principle would have secured her far better treatment at the hands of the Congress than that she has now received. Her inaction at the critical moment was due to her faith in the protection which she was led to understand would be afforded her by the British Government. For the disappointment of her hopes Greece will justly hold, not the British Government, but England responsible.

In like fashion, though not, perhaps, with equal justice, Roumania considers that she, too, has a grievance against Great Britain. From the language, not only of the Ministerial press, but from the tenour of Lord Salisbury's Circular, the Roumanians had strong grounds for believing that England was prepared to exert her influence in order to hinder Bessarabia and the Mouths of the Danube from being violently annexed by Russia in defiance of all international law and equity; and, on the strength of this belief, they were encouraged to reject the idea of a compromise with their all-powerful ally. Yet, even before the Congress met, our Government had pledged themselves by a secret convention not to oppose the cession of Bessarabia. The matter, it is true, is one that does not concern England as closely as it does both Austria and Germany; and, so loug as these Powers were prepared to acquiesce in the proposed annexation, we could hardly be expected to act alone. All this, however, was obvious from the commencement, and the Roumanians, though they have no right to complain of our non-intervention, have fair ground to reproach us with having held out hopes that intervention on our part was within the realms of probability. Again, though we have assisted Austria in obtaining possession of two important provinces without the loss of a single life, yet we have done so in such a manner as to deprive us of all claim to her gratitude. The occupation in question would have been effected long ago, not only with the consent, but at the request of Turkey, if it had not been for the opposition of the British Government. So long as Lord Derby remained at the Foreign Office the one guiding principle of our policy was to restrict the area of the war, and to hinder any step being taken which might be considered as affording a precedent for the partition of the Ottoman Empire. In accordance with this policy, England used her authority to hinder Austria from doing the very thing which she has now done at the recommendation of Lord Derby's successor in the Foreign Office. This same fatal reluctance to look facts in the face, and this persistent resolution not to accept the plain truth that the time has arrived for the settlement of the Eastern Question, have deprived England herself of the advantages she might otherwise have secured as a reasonable compensation for the aggrandizement of Russia. The terms of the Treaty of Peace as sanctioned by the Congress cannot fail to place England in a weaker position with regard to the tenure of her Eastern possessions than that which she occupied before the war; and yet we have done nothing to strengthen our hold either at the Dardanelles, the islands of the Archipelago, or the Isthmus of Suez. We have allowed Russia to remain in practical enjoyment of the main results achieved by her military successes; and yet we have given our consent in such a fashion as to render Russia more hostilely disposed towards England than at any previous period. Such, in plain English, are the achievements of our diplomacy. By whatever other term they may justly be described, it is surely not by that of a glorious triumph.

AUSTRIA'S NEW PROVINCE.

The most important decision at which the Congress has yet arrived is that by which Bosnia and the Herzegovina are ceded to Austria. The arrangements as to the military frontier of Turkey, the possession of Bessarabia, the mouths of the Danube, and the conformation of Bulgaria, excite far more interest for the moment. But all these arrangements, important as they are, are avowedly of a provisional character. It is to the proposed annexation of Bosnia, and to that, as yet, alone, to which we must look for any permanent solution of the Eastern question. By one of the paradoxes so common in diplomacy, a temporary character is officially assigned to the single decision of the Congress which contains any prospect of permanence. For reasons which are not very manifest, Austria herself is apparently not unwilling that her occupation of Bosnia should be regarded as a temporary arrangement, while for reasons which there is no difficulty in understanding Turkey is extremely desirous that her consent to an armed occupation should be assumed to be of a provisional kind. But, as a matter of fact, both parties to the arrangement are well aware that, if Austrian troops once cross the Save, they will never quit Bosnia again except under compulsion. It seems probable that some sort of nominal concession will be made, in virtue of which Bosnia and the Herzegovina are to revert to Turkey in the hypothetical event of the inhabitants expressing, at some future period, a desire to be placed once more under Moslem rule. To all practical intents and purposes, Bosnia will henceforward pass from under the sceptre of the Sultan to that of the House of Hapsburg. In as far as the inhabitants are concerned, the transfer will be a benefit, though it will not come in the form that they would personally have desired. The Sclav population would, doubtless, have preferred annexation either to Servia or Montenegro. Still, Austria may be relied upon to introduce order and decent government into the two provinces, and, at the same time, to keep the peace between the hostile creeds and rival nationalities of which they are composed. With the establisment of roads and railways, these outlying districts will be brought once more into relations with the West to which they belong by nature, and from which they have been severed for centuries by artificial obstacles. A new era, in fact, will commence for the Herzegovina and its sister province from the time when the Crescent gives place to the two-headed Eagle; and, inadequate as that era may prove to satisfy the aspirations of the Sclavonic races, it can hardly fail to be a signal improvement upon the state of things by which it was preceded.

Too little, however, is known of the real conditions of these districts to form much opinion as to the light in which annexation to Austria will be regarded by the population. It is far more easy to make some kind of estimate as to the effect that this addition of territory will produce on Austria. For the first time during thirty years, the great East-German Empire has gained instead of losing a province. The prestige attaching to this augmentation of her dominions is by no means a matter of unimportance to Austria. But, apart from any sentimental considerations, the material advantage of this acquisition is worth taking into account. The area of Bosnia and the Herzegovina is about 20,000 square miles, while the population, according to the latest statistics, is nearly a million-and-a-half. The district is said to be rich

in mines of gold and silver, and, though the soil is poor, yet the enormous extent of country covered by forests is in itself a source of potential wealth to any civilised Government. The real advantage to Austria, however, of these new provinces lies not so much in their intrinsic value as in their geographical position. Austria will henceforward be in possession not only of the Dalmatian seaboard, but of the districts from which this seaboard would naturally derive its trade. The mere fact, too, of the territory between Servia and Montenegro belonging permanently to the Hapsburg Empire must preclude the possibility of any incorporation of the two chief independent Sclav Principalities under one Government, and the consequent creation of a powerful Sclavonic kingdom. Bosnia is far larger in area than Servia, and does not fall far short of Bulgaria, while as part and parcel of Austria it will necessarily assume a prominent position in the Balkan Peninsula. Moreover, a glance at the map will suffice to show that, by the possession of the neck of land separating Servia and Montenegro, Austria has obtained an all-powerful strategical position in the very heart of European Turkey. Whenever the time comes, as it must come at no distant period, for the final partition of the Ottoman Empire, Austria, as the owner of Bosnia, will have a far better chance than either Greece or any one of her neighbours of obtaining possession of the province of Salonica, if not of Roumelia, and of the Bosphorus itself. In other words, Austria, by the proposed arrangements, is brought far nearer to Constantinople, morally as well as materially, than she has been hitherto. Indeed, amidst the possible competitors for the reversion of Turkey in Europe, the first place must now be assigned to Austria in lieu of Russia.

Within the ancient provinces of the Empire the annexation of Bosnia is regarded with very mixed feelings. In Hungary the Magyars are opposed to any acquisition of Turkish territory, because it not only involves a desertion of the Ottoman cause, but because it tends to lower their own influence in the dual Monarchy. The Magyars object strongly to any increase in the power of the Sclav element in the Empire, and the incorporation of Bosnia—certain as it is to lead to further extension of territory towards the East—is calculated to secure the ultimate ascendency of the Sclav nationality in the councils of the State. But, though the Magyars may object, they are well aware that an independent Hungary is an impossibility in the present state of Europe, and that they can only look for protection from Russia to their union with the East German Empire. The Teutonic provinces have no great liking for the Sclavs in themselves, but, on the one hand, they look with satisfaction on any increase in the Sclav population by means of which they may counterbalance the predominance of Hungary; and, on the other, they attach far more value to their connection with Germany than to their position as the frontier States of Austria. Though, probably, there is no strong desire as yet in the provinces surrounding Vienna for direct incorporation with Germany, yet the Teutonic Austrians are well aware that, if the Fatherland remains united, embodiment within its area forms their manifest destiny. They are not indisposed, therefore, to welcome any measure which tends to move the seat of empire from Vienna to Pesth, and thus to facilitate the gradual gravitation of Austria west of the Leitha towards Germany. If Russia is not in the future to endanger the welfare of the Continent, the best arrangement for Europe would be one under which all the Teutonic races were united under one powerful Government, while the south-east of Europe was placed under the control of an affiliated Empire in which the German element still directed the policy of the State. Such an arrangement has long been deemed to be the ultimate goal of the policy initiated by Prince Bismarck, and a step of no insignificant magnitude has been taken towards its effectuation by the cession of Bosnia to Austria at the Congress of Berlin. This conclusion is so obvious that the one feature in the proposed cession which seems to us to demand further explanation is the apparent readiness with which it has been consented to by Russia. It is difficult to avoid the suspicion that the Government of St. Petersburg must be in the hopes of receiving some very important equivalent in exchange for their acquiescence in a project which places Austria in a position to bar their ultimate advance upon the Bosphorus. Such speculations, however, belong to the future rather than to the present. For the time being, Europe has every cause to be satisfied with the transfer of territory by which Austria is strengthened, nominally at the cost of Turkey, but in reality at the cost of Russia. The Hapsburg monarchy has little claim so far on the respect or gratitude of European Liberals. But, if by the force of circumstances, Austria should be converted into a bulwark against Muscovite aggression, she may ultimately become entitled to the sympathy of all who value the freedom and the civilisation of the West.

OUR NAVAL POLICY.

For many months past public attention has been directed with more than ordinary interest to the Navy. Large sums have been added during the last three years to the ordinary outlay which was thought sufficient for its maintenance. And, beyond this homely sign of an increased interest in the development of our naval power, there have been from time to time more showy demonstrations at home and abroad of its actual existence—the massing of squadrons of men-of-war in the Mediterranean; the energetic efforts of the Government to rapidly increase our fleets, not only by redoubled exertions at the royal dockyards, but by the large purchases from private firms of ready-made ironclads; and the fitting out of a powerful fleet at Portland. In the face of these efforts and of this extraordinary display of naval strength, we are forced to consider what really is our naval policy. Merely massing ships at various ports and accumulating fleets at this or that portion of the globe may be expensive, but is not difficult so long as we choose to pay for it, and it may be the ready and simple definition of a naval policy. It is not easy to see where it is to end, or even if it is possible for such a policy to have any end, but there can be no doubt that, in both professional and unprofessional circles, such demonstrations as we have been lately accustomed to are accepted, tacitly and readily, as fairly representative of the naval policy of Great Britain. Nothing, for instance, is more common in any discussion on the Navy, or, rather, on naval policy, than to find attention directed and, indeed, riveted to the question of what ships shall be built, or to the necessity for constructing ships larger and more powerful than the ships of any other country; and nothing is more commonly assumed than that the possession by any other country of a bigger or more powerful vessel than any we possess is a direct and dangerous menace to our peace and safety. All this assumes, of course, that one of the principal functions of our Navy is as an attacking rather than a defensive force, and that our best policy as regards the Navy will be found in building the largest ships and plenty of them. Were this the only consideration to bear in mind, the question of naval policy would be easy enough, and rest more with naval architects than with statesmen. But there is another side to the question. The Navy is not only an attacking but also a defensive force; and, in protecting our interests, it is entrusted with a duty which, it requires no great perspicacity to see, is very comprehensive, and very onerous. The more this function of its existence is considered the more powerful will be the conviction that it is of overwhelming importance, so far as this country is concerned.

Naval policy, from this point of view becomes, therefore, a question of the relative importance of offensive and defensive tactics. They may, as, indeed, they must be, both be important to retain; but, in any country, naval policy will be found to be governed by the importance of one or the other of these functions. In our country, with large outlying possessions and an extensive seaboard, protection is clearly a first necessity. In another country, where the conditions are reversed, naval power, if desirable, will find its highest use as an instrument for attack or as a purely military weapon, and, in fact, as designed to injure the fleet of a possible enemy whose interests lie more in the direction of defence than attack. In other words, naval policy is different for different countries,

and for no two countries can it be the same. Where the interests differ, the policy, or the wisdom, or the object of maintaining a navy must differ. These remarks may sound a little elementary, but they are more than ever necessary at the present time; for nothing is more common in any treatment of this question than to find it assumed that naval power is the same for all countries, and that naval policy is dependent everywhere on the same conditions. So, in the House of Commons and in the Press, there is too often a want of aim in what is spoken or written, from the want of any standard to start form. Nothing is more common than to find time wasted in angry discussions about the armour or armaments of men-of-war without the interposition of a solitary voice to ask the question what the ships are wanted for, or what ships are most wanted for some definite purpose. Of course, were it possible to have any number of ships for every conceivable purpose, no harm would be done; but, as a matter of fact, we cannot have any number of ships at any time for all purposes; and, therefore, these discussions, from want of definite aim, are too often purposeless if not positively mischievous.

As a matter of fact, it will be found, though it is too seldom realised, that naval policy, like any other policy, has a limit. What limits it are two very serious considerations. One is cost, the other object. We cannot afford to spend an unlimited sum every year on the Navy; and, rightly or wrongly, we know, roughly, and within tolerably broad limits, what we can afford. The cost in this country, rightly or wrongly, has, therefore, a tendency to govern and restrain the objects the Navy has to serve. The First Lord of the Admiralty, or the Secretary of State for War, does not consult his professional guides, after giving them ample scope for their noble aspirations, and then go to the Chancellor of the Exchequer with a memorandum of what these aspirations cost; on the contrary, he tells his noble and gallant colleagues that so much money, and so much only, can be given, and that their views must be governed by this limit. The limit may be stretched now and then, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer yield to the pressure put on him, as has been seen recently; but, when he yields, we do not think we err far in saying that it is a case in which the exception proves the rule. Thus, in this country, a fundamental element in naval policy is cost. It is useless for big-wigs at the Admiralty to put their heads together and determine that they want at once a large number of ships, or stations, or men, for a variety of purposes; they have to decide, knowing the limit of their purse, which of these purposes is most urgent. Cost, then, may be regarded as a very important, if not the first element in the naval policy of this country. Next to this comes the object which may be best served in the nation's interest by the outlay of the money which is granted.

What, then, is the most important object of a navy in this country? When we have discovered this we ought to have arrived at something like a sound notion of what is a reasonable naval policy. Were our interests and our possessions limited by our own coasts, the answer would be easy. But is this so? An answer is hardly necessary. Without quoting Lord Cranbrook's rather melodramatic allusion to the beat of the drum on British ground in every quarter of the globe, it may be well, in speaking about naval policy, to remember that a survey of the British Empire means the survey of an Empire on which the sun never sets; that our own coasts form a very insignificant item in this Empire; that, if a navy is necessary for the defence of this Empire, it must be a large navy; and that, consequently, if this defence is to be substantial and potential, it means an undertaking of an arduous and most expensive nature. But, more than this, our commerce is carried on in every part of the habitable globe, while we are dependent for our very food on countries remote and widely separated from us and one another. The defence of these lines of commerce is an undertaking no less arduous and no less absorbing. Fortunately, it so happens that the two lines of defence almost coincide; at all events, they coincide to a very remarkable extent. But to see that these possessions and these commercial lines are adequately protected is a great strain, and, in time of war, would, to a large extent, monopolise the strength of our navy. If we did this well, we should be fortunate; and, were our naval actions confined to warding off attacks in this direction, our hands would be fairly full. What does this mean? It means simply this: that the imperative need of a navy to us is to protect what we have got, and guard our commerce from successful attack on the part of an enemy. If we do not do this, the protection of our own coasts is worth little; while the employment of our fleets in successful attacks on an enemy would be a poor compensation for loss of power or loss of food in some distant part of the world. And, in another sense, what does this mean but that the Navy will find its highest and most important sphere of usefulness as a defensive not an attacking force? There is no reason to suppose that, because this is the case, we are not to build powerful ships for attack or for home defence; but this should be a subordinate and not, as is too often considered, a paramount consideration.

There is nothing new in this idea, but it is worth recalling at the present time. There cannot be a doubt in the minds of reasonable men, however proud of the glorious days when we had rich enemies to plunder and bold admirals to plunder them, by what the naval policy of this country should be governed in these days of our vast commercial development. Restricted by Parliament in money and loaded with possessions and commerce that demand protection, there is little difficulty in seeing that our Navy has a definite work to do; that this work is sufficient to absorb the most liberal scale of expenditure; and that cost and defence form the basis of a naval policy which may be simple or modest, but cannot without danger be put on one side or ignored.

GERMANY AND THE PAPACY.

Too little is known as yet not only of the disposition but of the character of Leo XIII. to speak with any confidence as to the permanent policy of his pontificate. Popes, in common with mundane sovereigns, almost always commence their reigns by professing a desire to redress the errors of their predecessors. Even if the present pontiff was as ardent a champion of the rights of the Holy See as Pius IX. himself, he is not likely to have forgone the opportunity afforded him by his accession to the throne of resuming negotiations with secular Powers on a more friendly footing than it was possible for his forerunner to adopt. The interests and instincts of the Church of Rome, both for evil and for good, cause her to seek the alliance of all established governments, and it is only by accident that the Papacy can ever be the partisan of popular as against autocratic rights, of subjects as against their rulers. Thus, Leo XIII. has only obeyed the traditions of the Vatican in endeavouring to restore amicable relations between the Holy See and the Governments which had been brought into collision with it by the events of the last Pontificate. Such an endeavour, however, does not necessarily involve any readiness on the part of the Papacy to abandon the claims of the Church as opposed to the State: and as yet we can see but little foundation for the idea that the new Pope intends to inaugurate a novel system of Papal rule. All we can fairly say is that the position he has assumed towards the Governments with whom the Holy See has been at war is one of less uncompromising hostility than that of his predecessor. After his election, Leo XIII. addressed a letter to the Emperor of Germany announcing his accession, and took the opportunity to regret the misunderstanding which had arisen of late years between Rome and Berlin. This letter seems to have given rise to informal negotiations. So far, no distinct approach has been made to an understanding, as the Pope insists that the repeal of the Falk Laws is essential to any cordial alliance between the Vatican and the Court of Berlin, while the Government of Germany refuses to entertain any idea of modifying the charters and laws of Prussia in deference to the exigencies of the Church of Rome. On both sides, however, an obvious desire is felt to arrive at a compromise. The real offence given to Germany by the Holy See lay not so much in its abstract pretensions as in the practical opposition of the German Ultramontanes to the unification of the

Fatherland. If the Papacy should be prepared to exert its immense influence over the adherents of the Church in favour of the new order of things established in Germany, Prince Bismarck would have small hesitation in giving way upon points of minor importance. With mutual good will, there would be little difficulty in framing a Concordat which would satisfy the reasonable requirements of the German Catholics and yet guarantee the German Government against Ultramontane agitation.

The truth is that little or no theological animus is involved in the dispute between Germany and the Papacy. The Falk Laws were not the product of Protestant hostility to the Church of Rome, but were due almost entirely to considerations of State policy. The prevailing tone of thought in Germany, as elsewhere, is not favourable to a religious crusade against Catholicism, and the abstract doctrine of the absolute subordination of the Church to the State is not one which is ever likely to enlist popular enthusiasm in its behalf. Under these circumstances the German Government is at liberty to make any arrangement it may deem wise with the Papacy, without having to take into account the possibility of such an arrangement encountering any active opposition from its own people, and there are special reasons why at this moment it should be an object to Germany to secure, if not the active support, yet, at any rate, the passive neutrality of the Church of Rome. Within a very few weeks, the elections are about to be held, and the whole success of the home policy to which Prince Bismarck has committed himself depends upon the Government obtaining a working majority in the Parliament. Germany in 1878 is in a different position from Prussia in 1863, and the Crown cannot afford to run the risk of an open and direct collision with the Parliament. It is essential for the reputation of the Empire to keep up the form if not the substance of Parliamentary institutions, and, therefore, it is a matter of vital importance to the Government to be able to command the confidence of Parliament. The last House was dissolved because it refused to sanction the Bill introduced by the Chancellor for the Suppression of Democratic Socialism, and, if a new House should be returned representing substantially the same elements as its predecessor, Prince Bismarck would either have to forego his purpose of putting down democratic agitation with an iron hand, or else he would have to confront the risk of a new constitutional crisis. Upon all national and foreign questions the German Liberals are prepared to give an almost unreasoning support to the Chancellor, and, whenever he is able to raise the cry that the unity and independence of the Fatherland are in danger, he can rely on overriding all opposition. The dangers, however, which threaten the State from Socialist agitation have little or no concern with the foreign relations of Germany; and, apart from any question of abstract equity, the German Liberals are keenly alive to the danger of initiating a course of legislation which cannot fail to expose the Empire to the hostility of the whole democratic forces of the day.

The moderate Liberals do not in themselves constitute an absolute majority in the Chambers. But, on any question on which they are opposed to the Government, they can command the support of the Socialists, the Separatists, the Poles, and the Ultramontanes. The only way, therefore, in which the Government can hope to obtain the control of the Parliament is either by a large increase in the number of Conservatives returned, or by influences being brought to bear which might win over the Ultramontanes to the side of the Ministry. For the moment, the chief reliance of the Government is placed on the first of these methods. The second attempt to assassinate the Emperor has created an outburst of popular feeling which is certain to make itself felt at the approaching elections. Indeed, if Hödel and Nobiling had been in the pay of the Government, they could not have resorted to any more effective means for strengthening Prince Bismarck's policy of repression than the two abortive attempts which they have made upon the life of the aged Sovereign. At periods of great popular excitement the voice of reason has always a difficulty in obtaining a hearing, and the mass of the German electorate are hardly likely to pay much attention to the argument that the abolition of the laws which protect freedom of opinion is the way to encourage and not to repress revolutionary violence. It may, therefore, be expected that the unpopularity attaching to any real or alleged complicity with Socialism will deprive a considerable proportion of the German Constitutional Liberals of their seats, and that the Tory Junker party will be far more largely represented at Berlin than it has been since 1866. Still, no probable accession of strength to the reactionary ranks will enable the Government to disregard the possibility of a coalition between the Liberals and the Ultramontanes, and therefore Prince Bismarck has every motive for detaching the latter from the Opposition. This, as we have said, can only be done through the action of the Papacy. In Germany religious animosities are so mixed up with national political interests that the Church has by no means complete control even of its own avowed adherents. Still, the power of the Holy See over the Catholic priesthood cannot well be over-estimated, and the power of this priesthood in its turn upon the constituencies is, to say the least, a very formidable one. If, therefore, a *mot d'ordre* were sent out from the Vatican to the effect that the Catholic vote in Germany was not to be given in favour of candidates opposed to the Government, and that the Catholic representatives were to support the Ministry, the result of such an order on the composition of the Parliament would be marked if not decisive. And there can be no doubt that the Holy See would gladly exert its influence in Germany to secure the return of a Ministerial majority if the Governments held out a prospect that this majority would be employed to secure the modification of the Falk laws and the conclusion of a favourable Concordat between Rome and Berlin. Thus there is a greater probability at present than there has been for some years past of a reconciliation between Germany and the Papacy. What the effect of such a reconciliation might be on the policy of the Empire it would be premature to inquire. It is difficult, indeed, to suppose that an arrangement by which Prince Bismarck might be able to dispense with the support of the Liberals, and could rely confidently on a Tory-Ultramontane coalition, is likely to prove favourable to the interests of Constitutional liberty. But the whole position of affairs in the Fatherland is so liable to be modified at no distant date by a change in the succession that all speculations of this kind must necessarily rest upon very uncertain data. All we can say with any confidence is that the Socialist crusade on which Prince Bismarck is engaged is hardly consistent with the continuance of his warfare against the Church of Rome.

A PYRRHIC VICTORY.

It would be premature to accept the result of the division on Mr. Forster's amendment as an indication of the final triumph of the Cattle Bill. The whole course of the adjourned debate seems to point to two conclusions—the likelihood that the real battle over the compulsory clauses will be fought in Committee, and the unwisdom of a relaxation of the public efforts to procure a liberal modification of them. Broadly speaking, the division has simply arrayed the farmers against the country. With "baa" and skip the rural Tories have followed their bell-wether into the official fold; but it is just possible that they may have to leap after him again no less confidingly in the reverse direction, and bleat as triumphantly outside as in. There are Tory black sheep who are fully as dangerous to the peace of Sir Henry Selwin-Ibbetson's flock as even the Forsters, Mundellas, Playfairs, and Chamberlains, who so far disguised their wolfish natures last week as to draw from Sir Henry and his friends the most flattering compliments on their lamb-like gentleness. This partly explains the readiness of members like Mr. Dodson to send the Bill to Committee, just for the pleasure of seeing what its authors will do with it when it gets there. Some Conservative members hold that the foreign provisions are too stringent; others that they are too lax, alleging that America, which is supposed to be "clean," is as full of infection as Germany, and that it ought to be scheduled. Some

again, hold that the home regulations are sufficiently severe; others that cattle disease can never be stamped out until these rules are made as rigorous as those for compulsory slaughter at the ports. Conservatives even recommend the treatment of Ireland as a foreign, infected country; though the member for Limerick protests that such a measure would not be endured in an exporting country like Ireland, however it might suit the convenience of an importing country like England. But if Ireland and Germany are equally guilty in the matter of cattle disease, why are they not to be treated alike? Why should we content ourselves with slaughtering the diseased animals in an Irish cargo, letting the rest go free, while we insisted on killing the whole of a Continental cargo, whether we detected disease in it or no? Some members of the House and a few resolute farmers profess their willingness to submit to the very severest of home precautions. But how are these to be enforced? Suppose a case of disease were discovered at any of our great cattle fairs. On the Government theory, all the animals present—thousands of them, it might be—must be killed on the spot; for it would be impossible to tell to what extent the sick beast might have already spread abroad the most rapidly infectious of cattle diseases. To be consistent, one must either kill all or none. The enforcement of this plan in Ireland would simply cost the Government the Irish vote at the next election. As a general remedy for the United Kingdom it would be more intolerable than the disease itself. No doubt, it would stamp out foot-and-mouth disease and pleuro-pneumonia, but in the end the supply of meat would be less and dearer than it was before. Consider, further, the now established fact, that there is more cattle disease of home growth in the British Isles than in the prohibited countries, France, Scandinavia, Denmark, and the Peninsula put together, and the dilemma in which the Government has landed itself will become plain and palpable. Without stringent home rules the disease will flourish as before, importers will justly complain against the partiality extended to the home breeders, and consumers will protest against an artificial enhancement of prices. With them the whole farming interest will be up in arms, and the restrictions will be generally felt as a ruinous burden. Anticipating this difficulty, the Government has endeavoured to make everything smooth for the British farmer. It consulted professional opinion on the subject, and the decisions of Drs. Brown and Simonds were fairly embodied in the original Bill, but they were subsequently abandoned. Members of the Committee of 1877 have recognised in the present Bill but little or no resemblance to the measure which they recommended; in brief, the Government first called in the doctors, and when their backs were turned threw the physic out of the window.

The relative positions of the farmers and the importers are thus completely changed. At first the farmers said, or rather the Government said it for them: "If we submit to these home restrictions, it is but fair that you should agree to slaughter at the ports." But now, with a slight alteration in the wording, it is the importers' turn to address that argument to the farmers. The Government, having thus set them by the ears, would perhaps be glad to run away, but it cannot; and its business ought now to be to mollify the combatants. It is certain that the farmers will not, in fact cannot, accept the professional advice tendered to the Government; so that subjection to one and the same kind of disabilities seems the only possible solution of the difficulty between them and the importers. Give the Privy Council the same discretionary powers as regards the continental trade, as with respect to the home trade. This step would be fully justified, first, by the actual paucity of the cases of disease from abroad, and, secondly, by the extreme strictness and the efficiency of the present inspection at the ports. It is true that the Duke of Richmond counts by hundreds the number of infected cattle among the 50,000 imported yearly from Denmark; but the Copenhagen critic, to whose letters we have referred in former articles, has just shown that the Duke's estimate represents the total number of animals that have been killed because one or more of them chanced to be infected. The actual cases, it seems, were below twelve; and, for all his Grace or anybody else can tell, the remaining hundreds may have been as innocent of pleuro, or foot-and-mouth, as the calf unborn.

In former letters, the same critic described the rigid measures of home inspection enforced by the officers of the Danish Government; and, in another, published in last Monday's *Times*, he shows how very improbable it is that infected cattle can escape the vigilance of the inspectors at our own ports. We need not repeat the story of the ship *Constantine* and her cargo of several hundred head of cattle, and how narrowly they all missed a premature death, just because one of them was then suffering from an ordinary cold. But it proves that there is no necessity whatever for interfering with the Anglo-Danish trade, or for the trade of any other country as free from disease as Denmark is. Moreover, considering that infection declares itself within forty-eight hours or sooner, the facts impart an unpleasant degree of probability to the critic's contention, that Danish cattle contract the disease from English sources during their journey inland. Once more, certain statements furnished by Messrs. Dodson and Mundella contradict the assertion that the dead meat trade is absolutely safe during the summer months. A few days ago, and within forty-eight hours, there was condemned in London as much butcher meat as would supply the wants of a town of fifty thousand inhabitants for the better part of a week. Mr. Dodson did not put his statement in that way, but that is exactly what it amounts to. A similar account was given by Mr. Mundella with regard to the American dead meat. Under such circumstances, compulsory slaughter must mean compulsory sale at any price the perishable commodity will fetch. And there is another reason for doubting the capability of the dead meat trade to supply the public wants under the proposed restrictions. This trade, it seems, has been less during the present year than during the corresponding period of 1877. On the other hand, the live cattle trade is increasing enormously, having already quadrupled itself in twenty years. The serious fact cannot be forgotten that we are just as dependent upon foreign cattle as upon foreign corn; so that no interference with the present conditions of the cattle trade is justifiable except on far stronger grounds than the Government has hitherto set forth.

IRISH INTERMEDIATE EDUCATION.

A political free fight is what we generally expect as the result of bringing an Irish Education Bill into Parliament. Thus it is that everybody is amazed at the smooth course along which the Lord Chancellor's measure dealing with Intermediate Education in Ireland appears to be running. It raises no furious debate during which "at every word a reputation dies." Rival factions do not rend each other on account of it. The exposition of its provisions causes Ultramontane barons to rush into the arms of Orange earls. When he rises to criticise it even a shrewd lawyer like Lord O'Hagan finds his heart too full to speak coherently, and he almost falls upon Lord Cairns's neck in a transport of gratitude. Truly, when Irishmen agree, especially about education, their unanimity of sentiment is more than remarkable. It is, in fact, so remarkable that it is apt to excite suspicions in those grovelling minds who refuse to believe that Romish priests are the most disinterested friends of education or that Presbyterian ministers have lost all craving for denominational subsidies. As the Bill has amidst "a chorus of eulogy" passed the second reading in the Upper House, and was hurried through committee unchanged, it may be as well to scrutinise its clauses somewhat closely. It is supposed to be offered as a bribe to the "obstructionists," but for all that it by no means follows that it may not be obstructed fiercely in the House of Commons. The Bill as it stands is an ingenious adaptation to Irish Intermediate Education of Mr. Lowe's favourite idea—payment by results. His theory has always been that the only thing we can do to help the higher education in Ireland is to stimulate it by means of prizes. Open competition for the Civil Service has partly had this effect already. If, however, argues Mr. Lowe, we were to offer money prizes besides places in the Excise and Customs, as the reward of excellence to clever scholars, that would be the

least harmful way in which we could aid Irish Education by public money.

This is what the Bill does. It appropriates for the subsidising of middle class education in Ireland 1,000,000*l.* of the disestablished Church surplus. The income of that capital sum it proposes to expend in two ways, firstly, in prizes to scholars who distinguish themselves at periodical public examinations; and, secondly, in capitation grants to the managers of schools whose pupils attain a certain standard of excellence. The examinations are to cover the ordinary subjects taught at middle-class schools, only, no grants or prizes are to be given for any but secular subjects. A Commission, consisting of seven unpaid members and two paid assistant-commissioners, are to work the scheme, and make all the necessary arrangements. The Bill contains a conscience clause, providing that no grant shall be given to a school "unless it be shown to the satisfaction of the Board that no pupil attending such school is allowed to remain in attendance during the time of of any religious instruction" from which his parents or guardians have demanded his withdrawal. Moreover, it is enacted that the time for giving religious instruction shall be so fixed that no pupil withdrawn from it suffers in respect of secular teaching. As everybody is in a conspiracy to belaud this Bill as an ideally perfect measure, let us note some grave objections which may be brought against it. In a timid kind of way Earl Spencer tried to remedy one of these defects by asking Lord Cairns to extend the provisions of the Bill to girls' schools. The Lord Chancellor declared himself unable to do so in the absence of his colleagues. We do not believe that a *non possumus* of this kind will satisfy the House of Commons. Mr. Forster has established it as an axiom in educational politics that, henceforth, in dealing with or rearranging endowments and subventions for schools girls shall get their fair share of them as well as boys. The right honourable gentleman is not exactly a spirited person, and it may be ridiculous to ask him in the present state of the House to press any strong resolution on its attention. But there are others who value the principle established by Mr. Forster more highly perhaps than he does himself, and who will not shrink from opposing a Bill which does not give effect to it. In fact, if Mr. Fawcett allows a measure to pass which appropriates for the use of and benefit of one sex an endowment originally meant to benefit both sexes alike, he will be but a recreant champion of the Rights of Women. This brings us at one bound to the weakest spot in what has been called an "almost faultless" measure.

Its cardinal defect is that it takes money which was meant to serve and benefit the many, and applies it for the exclusive benefit of the few. The Irish Church surplus is a national fund. The bill appropriates it for sectional purposes. It is a fund which was originally intended to be spent in the instruction of the whole nation. The bill appropriates 1,000,000*l.* of it for the purpose of subsidising schools which can benefit not the nation but the middle-class alone. We may be told that, unless we want to strangle secondary education in Ireland altogether, we will not import class rights into the discussion, because, unless the Church funds are employed to subsidise the higher schools, no other grants will be forthcoming. That may be admitted—nay, we go further, and say that the State does too much already for primary education in Ireland, and if it is to expend any more money on public instruction, secondary education ought to get the benefit of it. But our point is this—nobody has any right to subsidise middle-class education out of national funds for the exclusive advantage of the middle-class. The moment such a subsidy is granted, it becomes the duty of the State to enable the poorest in the land to have a chance of sharing in its benefits; and, whilst we admit that only a very few poor children can benefit by middle-class education, yet it is the business of Parliament to see that they get what they are fit to receive and profit by. In other words, when secondary education is subsidised out of national funds, a bridge must be built between the primary and the secondary school, over which the deserving poor may pass from the one class of seminaries into the other. The scheme of the Lord Chancellor must ever remain one of "plundering and blundering" whilst this bridge is unbuilt. What the House of Commons, then, ought to insist upon is the insertion of a clause in the Bill granting exhibitions to the cleverest boys in Irish primary schools, so as to enable them to prosecute their studies in the grammar schools.

But, even after this is done, the Bill will, most likely, be strongly objected to. Already threats are held out by the clerical party that the conscience clause must be relaxed. On the other side, an objection which has been urged with vigour, ought not to be ignored—namely, that the whole scheme is one for misappropriating public money. We are, of course, aware that the Bill has been brought in for the purpose of bribing Messrs. Biggar and Parnell into good behaviour, and there would be nothing in the face of it surprising if it did grossly misapply public endowments. Too much may be said about this misappropriation, but it has been pointed out that when the Irish Church was disestablished it was distinctly provided that none of its funds should be directly or indirectly applied to denominational uses. Now the grants-in-aid which this Bill is to make are to be paid not to the teachers, but the "managers" of the secondary schools, and these seminaries are almost all denominational. The great bulk of them are monastic schools, and thus it is alleged the Bill, under pretext of subsidising Irish Intermediate Education, is really one for endowing Irish monastic establishments out of the surplus revenues of the disestablished Protestant Church of Ireland. It is to little purpose to say that no grants are to be paid to schools for secular teaching or to schools that do not arrange their work so that a child withdrawn from the religious course does not suffer in the matter of secular training. The denominationalists know quite well that the Bill provides no system of inspection to ensure the carrying out of the conscience clause—nay, we cannot forget that it has always been their boast that, according to their system, religious training was so blended with secular instruction that it was impossible to separate the two. For our part, we cannot deny that there is much force in this argument, and that the Bill is one for the "concurrent endowment" of denominational schools in Ireland. But what are we to do? Are we to let the nation be deprived of secondary education altogether? Will it not be better to teach the youth of Ireland Latin, Greek, history, natural and physical science, even in monastic schools, than not teach them at all, especially as we at the same time bribe the pupils with grants, not merely to learn, but the teachers to teach faithfully and thoroughly? If the examinations are properly arranged, and the papers properly set by examiners who have no religious prejudices, we think even the monastic schools will be obliged, under temptation of "grants in aid," to cease diluting their secular instruction with the dreary hymns, legendary church history, startling tales of miracles, and other unprofitable subjects that they put into it at present.

THE CRIMINAL CODE.

The second reading of the Attorney-General's Bill has been followed by a notice from Sir Henry James that he will formally oppose the motion for going into committee, in order that the principle of the measure may be adequately discussed. The sanguine might have gathered from the brevity and unanimity which marked the debate on the second reading, and to which Mr. Biggar, appearing in a doubly new character, made a welcome contribution, that the expediency of codification was no longer in dispute. This view would apparently have been erroneous, for it can hardly be that Sir Henry James intends to bring about a general discussion of the particulars by opening a debate on the principle involved in matters of detail. However this may be, the inevitable criticism of 425 clauses in committee of the whole House makes it quite impossible that the Code should become law this Session, nor is it, in our opinion, to be regretted that a subject which is of such vital importance and has so many ramifications as the Criminal Law should be subject to the minute and searching examination resulting from an otherwise unfortunate delay.

In Section 34 (f) it is written, "Every one who commits high treason shall be guilty of an indictable offence, and shall

upon conviction thereof suffer death as in other cases, *provided that Her Majesty may, if she think fit, direct by warrant under her sign manual, countersigned by one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, that the head of such person shall be severed from his body whilst alive.*" Whether this grimly humorous provision was introduced in order to avoid infringement of the Royal Prerogative without the formality of an address to the Crown, or whether it was intended to keep open the question of the least undesirable form of capital punishment, we will not assume the province of determining, but we would suggest that such an enactment is out of place in a serious declaration of the law. The same part of the same section usefully extends the Capital Punishment Amendment Act of 1868, which provided that executions for murder should be private, to cases of treason. An Act passed in the year 1782 imposed the punishment of death for the offence of burning the king's ships, magazines, or naval or military stores. It is somewhat curious that this penalty was not touched by the successive Acts in remission of capital punishment which were passed in 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835, 1837, 1841, and 1861, though Sir Roland Wilson, in his 'History of Modern English Law,' erroneously attributes its abolition to 24 and 25 Vict., c. 100. Sir James Stephen proposes that the offence shall be capital only in time of war. Section 41 is headed Contempts against the Queen, and runs, "Every one shall be guilty of an indictable offence, and shall upon conviction thereof be liable to imprisonment, who is guilty of any contempt against the person of Her Majesty, or her royal dignity, by means of any contumacious, insulting, or disparaging words, acts, or gestures." This seems to extend rather than limit the present law of sedition, and to be more suitable to the England of 1800 or the Germany of to-day than to the England of 1878. It would be a pity if the fact that the character of Her Majesty is such that any attack upon it would justly be regarded with public indignation should induce the framing of provisions which would have made it dangerous for an honest man to call George IV. a scoundrel. The German gentleman who was recently arrested for predicting that the König Wilhelm would run into the Grosser Kurfürst is not an encouraging example of what may come from legislating against spoken words not inciting to overt acts.

Section 50 of the Code will, we trust, be the subject of keen debate. It relates to the offence of night poaching, and it materially alters the law. By the existing law poaching by night, if a first offence, entails the maximum punishment of nine months' hard labour; if a second offence, of eighteen months' hard labour, and if a third offence, of seven years' penal servitude. But if any such poacher assaults a keeper or any other person authorised to apprehend him, he is in all cases liable to seven years' penal servitude. This will strike most people as, apart from any question of repealing the game laws altogether, a just and discriminative enactment. Now, listen to the Code:—"Every one shall be guilty of an indictable offence, and shall be liable upon conviction thereof to *fourteen years'* penal servitude, who, with two or more other persons together, between the end of the first hour after sunset and the beginning of the last hour before sunrise, unlawfully enters or is on any land, whether open or enclosed, for the purpose of taking or destroying hares, pheasants, partridges, grouse, heath, or moor game, black game, bustards, or rabbits, any of such persons being, to the knowledge of the offenders, armed with any gun, *crossbow*, firearms, bludgeon, or other offensive weapon." Fourteen years penal servitude is a punishment which a man will do a good deal to avoid, and we fear that those interesting combats between a country gentleman's armed retainers and the roughs of the neighbouring town, which serve to show that the practice of private war is not quite extinct in our degenerate days will not be rendered either less frequent or less fatal by this increased severity. If not, we know what must happen, for a wise as well as a witty man has told us—"The least worthy of God's creatures must fall—the rustic without a soul, not the Christian partridge, not the immortal pheasant, not the rational woodcock, or the accountable hare."

Section 58, which deals with Libels on Foreign Powers, would have pressed somewhat hardly on supporters of that rational and consistent policy pursued by our enlightened adminstration throughout the Eastern crisis. The section says, "Every one shall be guilty of an indictable offence, and shall upon conviction thereof be liable to imprisonment, who publishes any libel intending to degrade, revile, or expose to hatred and contempt any foreign prince, ambassador, or foreign dignitary, or any body of persons exercising public authority in any foreign country, with intent to disturb peace and friendship between the United Kingdom and the country to which any such person belongs." We shudder to think of the fate which might have befallen Sir Drummond Wolff, or Mr. Chaplin, or Captain Pim, or Mr. Armit. Section 67 contains a curious provision, which we should hope will have no practical operation, "that nothing in this Act contained shall subject any person to any punishment for . . . transferring or receiving any share in any joint-stock company established before the 24th August, 1843, in respect of any slave in the possession of such company before that time, or for selling any slave lawfully in his possession at that time, or to whom he became entitled in good faith before such sale by inheritance, devise, bequest, marriage, or otherwise by operation of law." The offence of trading in slaves is brought within the Extradition Act of 1870. Section 71 makes a new crime, which, if it had previously existed, would have removed all legal difficulty in the prosecution of Mr. Marven. It runs, "Every public officer shall be guilty of an indictable offence, and shall be liable upon conviction thereof to imprisonment who, in the discharge of the duties of his office, commits any fraud or breach of trust affecting the public, whether such fraud or breach of trust would have been criminal or not if committed against a private person." The law in relation to perjury is remodelled in the Code. Section 83 begins "False evidence is an assertion as to a matter of fact, opinion, or belief, made, *whether upon oath or otherwise*, by a witness as part of the evidence given by him in a judicial proceeding, and not believed by him to be true at the time when it is made." This puts the offence of giving false evidence, a phrase which is substituted for perjury, upon a rational basis. *Deorum offensa diis curæ*, but penal servitude is properly inflicted for the social crime of perverting the truth, or, in the language of the Code, "misleading justice." For, as George Eliot says:—

> The sanctity of oaths
> Lies not in lightning which avenges them,
> But in the injury wrought by broken bonds,
> And in the garnered good of human trust.

This section also abolishes the old distinction, which successive decisions had reduced almost to nothing, between evidence material and not material to the question. Sir James Stephen says in his Digest, "The word 'material' means of such a nature as to affect in any way, directly or indirectly, the probability of anything to be determined by the proceeding, or the credit of any witness, and a fact may be material although the evidence of its existence was improperly admitted. This alteration is therefore almost formal in its character. But while an old distinction is removed, a new distinction is drawn. In cases where the false evidence was given in order to procure the conviction of any person for an offence punishable with death or penal servitude, or in order to obtain property above the value of £100, the maximum punishment is to be penal servitude for life, but in all other cases it is to be fourteen years. We imagine that this proposal is to be historically explained as a result of the Tichborne case, but the second part of it does not seem to justify itself by corresponding with any moral principle or sentiment. Why is it more dangerous to society, or more morally detestable to obtain 150*l.* by false evidence than to consign an enemy to two years' hard labour by the same means? Section 96 makes it an offence to agree "in respect of any valuable consideration, not to prosecute any person for any indictable offence for which he might be imprisoned with hard labour." This we presume applies to people who offer not to prosecute if stolen goods are restored, even if the offender be a peer, a lord-lieutenant, and a Chairman of Quarter Sessions. The last section of Part III. solemnly provides that "from the passing

of this Act no one shall be prosecuted for champerty or maintenance, or for being a common banator."

PROVINCIAL CULTURE.

Last Wednesday's ceremony at Nottingham Castle has been the theme of one or two speeches and numerous leading articles, in which some correct prophecy of the career of the culture movement in England atones for a good deal of false history. Some have said that the idea of popular art-culture had its birth in the mind of the late Prince Albert; they all say that the Nottingham Gallery is, in a sort, its first expression; while one influential if not over-wise newspaper confesses its inability to believe that the love of art can "grow spontaneously" amid the squalor and the sordid life of manufacturing towns. The first and last assertions are inconsistent with facts; the second requires more explanation than the reporters have vouchsafed us. If we wish to know when the Art movement began we must go as far back at least as 1841 or 1842, when the House of Commons was discussing the suggestions of Mr. Ewart, and Mr. Gladstone, as Vice-President of the Board of Trade, was describing the steps which the Council of the New School of Design had taken for the establishment of branch institutions at York, Coventry, Manchester, Birmingham, and Norwich. That same school had been founded in consequence of the recommendations of a Parliamentary Committee that had met as early as the year 1836. Nor need we stop even at that date. Years before, art schools and art museums were the day dream of Haydon, the painter, who, had he been born a duke or a prince, would have furnished the West End with its Science and Art Department half a century ago. The Art idea had been already "in the air" for a whole generation before the first Crystal Palace arose; and the mere accident of his social position, combined with a very ordinary share of insight into the needs and tendencies of the age, happily enabled the Prince Consort to render valuable service towards its realization. But, for the rest, Prince Albert was an originator much in the same sense in which the name might he applied to the illustrious visitor, his son, when "with an elaborately wrought gold and silver key, chased with the shamrock, rose, and thistle," he turned "a lock of corresponding splendour," and announced to the people of Nottingham and the Midland Counties that they were the possessors of a palace of Art.

In the next place, it is difficult to understand in what sense the Nottingham Gallery can be considered as furnishing the first example of a participation in the new movement by a town corporation and its constituents. The Liverpool Gallery and Museum was opened last year with even greater pomp and ceremony than have been observed at Nottingham. It may be objected that the former was the sole magnificent gift of a public spirited and enlightened Mayor, and that the resolution of the Nottingham Council to establish theirs was passed in the year 1872. But the Liverpool Corporation arrived at a like conclusion at a still earlier date; they owned, and set apart for its future use, the land on which the splendid gallery now stands, and they were just about to appeal to a population able and willing to contribute, when Mr. Walker, on his election to the mayoralty in November, 1873, put the money question to rest with a present of 40,000*l*. Last year, too, the town of Derby opened its new institution to serve the double purpose of an art school and exhibition. Warrington, Penzance, and Berkhampstead are also among the many country towns that have already either founded permanent museums and galleries or established the custom of periodicel exhibitions. Nottingham, perhaps, affords the completest and most satisfactory instance of the popular initiative; but the difference is one of degree, and, after all, the question of precedence is but a small matter. What is worth study—and pleasant to contemplate, amid the "sterile hubbub" of what people call politics—is the growing expanse and depth of the art feeling among the people of England—the fact that the movement is only a special phase of a great tendency that is at this moment manifesting itself in a variety of forms; and the other fact, that this tendency reveals itself the most distinctly, not in the metropolis of England, and the greatest and richest city in the world, but amid the smoke and squalor of towns whose very children are called "hands," and whose highest aspirations are supposed to be limited to retaliatory strikes and unlimited beer.

The co-ordinate expressions of this spirit may be observed in the rapid increase of free libraries, of working men's clubs and institutes, and village clubs and associations; in trade unions, and in the political associations which the Bourbons of the press nickname *caucuses*, and one of which has just committed the mistake of asking Mr. George Howell what place of worship he attends. In one single instance, that of the art schools, the progress of the metropolis may have outstripped that of the provinces. The debt which the country owes to South Kensington may be estimated by the fact that upwards of one hundred and fifty schools and nine hundred art classes, with more than sixty thousand students, are affiliated to that institution; whereas, in the year 1847, there were only fourteen art schools in England, with fewer than two thousand pupils. But in none of the other directions has London taken the lead. The Free Libraries' Act was first tried in Manchester. One hundred towns contributed the Ewart penny, and Birmingham spent 100,000*l*. from that source upon libraries and art galleries, almost before a single institution of the former sort existed in the capital of the British Empire. To take another instance, the Leeds free library, founded in 1869, had not long existed before it established fourteen branches. Yet think of the Liberal metropolitan borough of Hackney not merely abstaining from a vote on the proposal to start a local library, but even going wrathfully to the polling places to express its disapprobation of the late Mr. Ewart and all his works. Or of Salisbury distinguishing itself in like manner, though glorying in a Bishop, and the tallest Cathedral spire in the British Isles. London, however, may soon be able to set a good example to Salisbury; for its Free Library Committee has been for some time at work with another Bishop at its head, who at least helps on the project with his prayers, which are urgently needed, considering that only two libraries have been founded in London under the Act. And the slow village rustics are gradually yielding to the same new impulse upon which the sharper-witted artisans are advancing towards a more refined and civilized life; witness their joint clubs for lectures and the distribution of magazines and books, to say nothing of the frequent art exhibitions, of which the little Sleepy Hollow of Wokingham afforded a suggestive example last summer or autumn. It is a significant fact, too, that the first decided and resolute step towards the reformation of the stage has been made by an association started in a manufacturing town. And, finally, it is too clear a fact to be disputed that political intelligence is far more active in a town like Birmingham than in our metropolitan boroughs. But the phenomena thus briefly enumerated are only the faint beginnings of greater things. They serve, like straws, to show the direction in which the current of the national life has begun to flow. Or, to apply to them Mr. John Morley's words on Science and Industrial Unionism, it is in them that "we feel the breath of the coming time." They point to an age when the democracy shall have worked out for itself a fuller and a nobler, an immeasurably more intellectual and moral life than has ever yet been dreamt of by politicians and priests. These beginnings are the dawn of the new day, just as the twilight of the old is seen in the proceedings of the hundred bishops who, from all parts of the world, have gathered in their Pan-Anglican Synod, in the Guard room of Lambeth Palace, where, having partaken of the Holy Communion, they have "gone to be photographed in their robes." This it is which imparts its great interest to the new building which, as if from a classic Acropolis, looks down upon the far-stretching, lovely valley of the Trent, where the spring crocus blows more richly and the light of summer seems warmer and dreamier than by any other English river. The Synod, perhaps, may make more noise for the time being, but the Midland ceremonial, and Wokingham loan shows, for the matter of that, are the herald of an order of things under which the people may contrive to live nobly after the Synod and its photograph have been forgotten.

THE DOMESTIC ECONOMY CONGRESS.

The second yearly congress on Domestic Economy and Elementary Education, held at Manchester last week, has certainly had one sort of success; it has attracted public attention. And if, as some will say, it has had no other success, it has at all events been useful in doing this much towards getting people in general, the people who live illogically and have small enthusiasm for sciences and systems, to take an understanding interest in the proceedings and various projects of the reformers of the old empiric art of housewifery into the new Science of Domestic Economy. For there is great risk of this most practical of subjects being left completely in the hands of doctrinaires, and a little of that valuable ballast provided by the rough and ready instinct of expediency, the uninquiring adherence to things as they are, and the prejudices of the commonplace, would make the future of the movement which the Society of Arts is endeavouring to promote by the Congresses considerably more hopeful. At present there is really too much zeal, too much thoroughness, too much tempest in a tea pot. Ladies and gentlemen of much information on many subjects have, apparently, quite independently of the world's experience before them, discovered that some of those subjects—such as chemistry, physiology, cloacal science, natural philosophy, and so forth—have a direct bearing on everyday matters belonging to the business of the cook, the housemaid, or the "matron of all works:" they have also discovered that Englishwomen are bad cooks, that any ordinary French working woman could give lessons to any ordinary "thorough" cook at high wages, with her kitchenmaid and perhaps scullerymaid to boot to serve her, in preparing an acceptable meal, being her superior alike in skill, cleanliness, and thrifty management. On these data they have set to work to invent a new science, and England is to be made regenerate under the auspices of Domestic Economy.

England, presented, amid a flourish of trumpets, with this great gift of a new science, seems to be in two minds whether to accept it as an invaluable acquisition or to decline it as new-fangled. But the fact is England is in much such a position as a woman who is being shown, under the guise of a new bonnet, her own old one revived and new trimmed to the fashion. Domestic Economy is to teach women cooking, cleanliness, thrift, home rules for health, the management of children, needlework, how to choose and to store provisions, how to choose clothing, how to make it, and how to keep it lasting. But there is nothing new in this: modern advance, especially in sanitary and hygienic doctrine, modern habits, and even modern retrogression, have somewhat changed in some of these points what our women must do from what their grandmothers did, but less than the practice of our doctors, our builders, our provision purveyors, our manufacturers, our diners out, has been changed from that of their predecessors. The theory and practice of household skills is no more a science left for the nineteenth century to discover and teach to women for the first time than are the theory and practice of any of the skills and trades influencing household skills which time has improved or deteriorated but has not made superfluous. If Domestic Economy is new, something which taught such women as would learn cooking, cleanliness, thrift, home rules for health, the management of children, needlework, how to choose and to store provisions, how to choose clothing, how to make it, and how to keep it lasting, is older than the English nation. For some hundred years it was known in our tongue as *housewifery*, but the word, like many another good meaningful word, at last found its condemnation in its merit of homeliness and all but disappeared; and *house-keeping*, which still continues allowable, has failed to take effective place as its synonym. Thus like the man who, if he did not discover America because it had been discovered already, could give it a name, domestic reformers have been able to improve a name of their own on our grandmothers' pet virtue. In their time women, in whatever class of life, when they fairly knew and practised, according to the lights of their day, the duties of home work or home supervision were called good housewives; next such women were good housekeepers; now they will be good domestic economicians.

Under whatever name the work of women who have to fill domestic offices in their husband's or father's homes, or as servants, is to be taught, there is no doubt that at present it needs teaching and is not taught. It is the fashion to reproach women of the well-to-do middle and upper classes wholesale with this state of things, ascribing it to their personal holding back from active share in the household labours, and ascribing that again to their selfish indifference to home duties. This is hardly fair. The changes in our habits and our hours, the changes, above all, in the relations between servants and employers, make the lady mistress's joining her servants in their tasks undesirable and well-nigh impossible; but those same changes have added so largely to the lady mistress's duties and cares in other points that many an anxious gentlewoman would feel it rest to exchange her responsible inactivity for the bustling vigour of the notable managers who presided over unæsthetic homes in the days of roast beef hospitalities, and envies her cook and her housemaid their mechanical tasks with a beginning and an end to them. There is no need to assume that because the duties of the mistress of a household have changed with other changes they have lessened, still less that they are being neglected or wantonly abolished. But under the present system young ladies do not grow up familiar with domestic operations from having lived among them from babybood, and when as new-wed wives they come to the duties of, not merely ruling probably incompetent servants, but of teaching them their work, they find that, even if the servants would consent to learn of them, they are not themselves fitted for instructresses. They have instead to learn by degrees, partly from the very servants whose incapacity they can perceive generally but not guide to better things, partly from their experiences of failure, partly from books of advice and recipes which, good or bad, have always been plentiful. Domestic service under them cannot be a solid education in housewifery for a young woman of the working classes, as it might have been, even without that close personal supervision by them which no servants in these days would accept, if they had received even only book and lecture instruction in household arts and processes. Experienced and conscientiously industrious servants, the best trainers of all to practical domestic economy, are fewer and fewer as time goes on; and girls in service, more than half ashamed of being employed in housework at all instead of being "young ladies" like the seamstresses and shop-girls, teach each other their shipshod and wasteful ways of "how not to do it."

The papers read at the Manchester Congress were, without exception, in favour of teaching girls domestic economy—cooking more particularly—by a school curriculum, as it is already decided by the London School Board to do in its locality: and Sir Henry Cole advocated most strongly the establishment of a National College of Domestic Economy—a proposal which seems somewhat like erecting a steam engine to crack a nut; although it is true that "the army of elementary teachers cannot be trained to know all the technicalities of cooking, health, thrift, household management, or, perhaps, even needlework," and one is no more able to differ from Sir Henry Cole in his opinion that there must be special teacher, with other than a literary training, for Domestic Economy than to be surprised that "at first Domestic Economy was not understood by her Majesty's Inspectors." Oxford and Cambridge do train very excellent practical experts in one of the branches, but the education of those experts is conducted in the college kitchens, and has not hitherto been allowed to entitle them to a University degree. This neglect of our Universities to honour academically some of their greatest men may be an argument the more in favour of Sir Henry Cole's new college. At all events it is easier to laugh at his ideal institution than to see where the requisite teachers of the new science are to be trained without it. They must not only be able to cook but to lecture, and they must not only be able to lecture on cooking but they must be able to do it in the impressive and scholastically technical manner due to the dignity of science. Otherwise one might have ventured to suggest that, for the cooking department, which, with only needlework anywhere near behind it, is the great and foremost subject of the Domestic Economy re-

former's efforts, a batch of French cook-maids from small *bourgeois* households would be the best teachers for the object in view.

As to teaching household processes in the elementary schools, for elementary education it certainly is an evil that girls whose only opportunities of intellectual training are those given them at these schools, and whose school career is necessarily timed to terminate while they are still children, should have a large portion of their school hours appropriated to household arts which could better be learned with opportunities of household practice. But, on the other hand, the evil of the common ignorance, slovenliness, and indifference as to these important home technicalities of working women is so great to themselves and to the nation that something must be sacrificed to impress them with a respect for housewifery. If the mother cannot teach needlework the schoolmistress must; if the girls have no chance anywhere else of seeing clean sensible cooking they must have it "demonstrated" in class-rooms. It would be over sanguine to expect the pupils to learn much serviceably in such a way, but one thing they will certainly learn and that is that it would be creditable to them to excel in such matters. Leaving school with this feeling and not entirely ignorant of processes, with too, the need for care and cleanliness drilled into their minds, many of them will enter service anxious to improve; and domestic service thus rehabilitated could not but become their best training school in household skills. Better trained servants, marrying, will be better trained managers of their husbands' homes, and their children will have in them better patterns of housewifery. And so improvement may make improvement till home and domestic service are, as they ought to be, sufficient without turning schoolrooms into kitchens and planning colleges to train cooks and seamstresses—or seamsters are the professors to be?

The commonplace advisers we hope for will surely notice that nobody advocating the advancement of Domestic Economy has given any sign of being aware that the cleaning processes need quite as much looking after as the culinary processes. Cooking is no worse than it was fifty years ago, but indeed improved and improving—in consequence, evidently, of the frequent employment in wealthy households of French *chefs*, whose teachings spread on from their subordinates, and also partly in consequence of the continental trips of masters and mistresses who acquire a taste for lighter and more varied cooking than our own, and do something, the mistresses at all events, to indoctrinate their cooks. But scrubbing and scouring and burnishing and many other of the various cleansing arts known especially as "housework" have grown scarcely less than obsolete; some of them, though not forgotten, have come to be omitted as troublesome, and such as are ostensibly practised are done perfunctorily or destructively, or, more usually, both. Domestic Economy might well offer some instruction on the materials and methods for cleaning different substances—metals, glass, wood, marble, for instances—information for want of which many well-meant mistakes are made, and which really can be perfectly conveyed by book or lecture—and might as easily explain details and give general advice on the duties of her calling to the housemaid as to the sick nurse and to the washerwoman. And for the practice of dexterity in important home duties a class for scrubbing boards wholesomely clean and sweeping the dust out of corners is, after all, as needful as one for cooking.

MATRIMONY AS A MEANS OF LIVELIHOOD.

It was to be gathered from a recent debate in the House of Commons that a certain well-known and energetic unmarried lady has been calling matrimony a profession. She used this language, apparently, in a petition in support of the Bill for removing the Electoral Disabilities of Women, and thus it came to the knowledge of two startled M.P.'s, who, shocked at the irreverent celibacy of the expression, shocked still more, as their separate utterances show, by its ungracefulness, each awfully quoted the unholy words that the house, amid horror and derision, might recognise in them the epitome of feminine resolve to make an end of husbands and homes. It is not easy, in the absence of the context, to see how far this form of reference to marriage could be relevant to the subject of the petition; and it is never wise to use these set sayings—argument be-Liebiged into half a line-ful—in documents in which necessary formality and want of space preclude the developement or, as the case may be, the limitation of after explanation. But, however that may be, it does seem rather unfair on Miss Becker that she should have charged upon her this invidious responsibility for a phrase which has been current for at least the last half dozen years. And her case is the harder that the phrase has till now been treated as particularly respectable. It was even, in its early youth, put forward as an especially "graceful" one—put forward under the notion of its conveying a protest against the masculine aspirations, real or imagined, of Miss Becker and her allies. By giving the name of "profession" to the lot and duties of a matron it was supposed by many that they epigrammatically conveyed a rebuke to such women as permitted themselves to desire the mental training and the remunerative careers apportioned to men:—"Here, ladies," the phrase was held to say, all in a word not so long as Lord Burleigh's nod, "here, ladies, is your lawful and only career, here are your duties, here your recompense. Educate yourselves to this end only, for only marriageable and married are you recognizably women. She who being no longer a girl is not a wife has lost her place in creation." Ladies of the independent school not only submitted benignly to the phrase, as seeing no discomfiture in it, but forthwith used it for their own: they said "True, matrimony is a profession—women's highest profession, if you will. It is, however, a profession not open to all the women in England: and it is one some of us think too serious to be entered on merely for its material advantages of board, lodging, and clothes, and a position in the world." And in their employment of it the phrase became indicative of a protest against any state of society in which young women generally should, for want of an alternative means of subsistence, be induced to desire marriage in the spirit of the anxious and accommodating advertisers willing to accept anybody's situation with any duties and any wages, and "a comfortable home the first consideration."

Then again, some married women have been found to use the phrase in the intention of a hint and rather more that married women are not, as some of their actively occupied single sisters, and as very many men, fall into the error of thinking, persons contributing no serious service in payment for their maintenance, but that they are carrying on a grave and busy calling worthy of its hire, and a calling as important to the world and to their families as any by which the husbands procure the joint income. This is an interpretation consistent either with feminine submissiveness to masculine rule or with feminine self-assertion. Used as a rebuff to spinsters it boasts superiority over their highest claims to consideration as workers in the world: used as a reminder that the wife too has her business value in the marriage partnership it savours of something less than simple gratitude to the husband.

With whatever shade of meaning the term "profession," as applied to the duties of a married woman, was used, nobody, till now, was much startled by it: it seemed no more irreverent to call matrimony woman's profession than woman's sphere, or woman's mission, and it sounded more practical. And, indeed, if the exercise of the duties of Holy Orders may be called a profession, why not the exercise of the duties of matrimony? Nobody was much startled till, the other day, Mr. Hanbury and Mr. Beresford Hope—not given to reading the *Saturday Review*, it would seem—discovered the phrase in a lady's petition and each made haste to warn the world.

Yet why their horror? Matrimony is not a profession for men, because their labours, even when for the home, lie outside the home and are such as belong to Benedict and bachelor alike. But for women, who by becoming matrons undertake responsibilities and tasks which absorb the greater part of their time, and, oftenest, all their faculties, and which can have no place in solitary life, matrimony *is* a profession in the best and highest sense of the word. That is it is or ought to be so in the highest sense of the word: if not in that sense, then it is so, at all events, in the baser sense which

considers a profession, not as a career chosen first from the impulse of fitness and which, beyond the necessary considerations of subsistence to be earned by it, is most of all its own reward, but as merely a way to earn the subsistence. It would be pleasant, of course, to be able to say that young women in our country never do consider marriage in an unwholesomely practical manner, that, lulled in maiden meditation fancy-free, they wait as unconsciously as the Sleeping Beauty in her enchanted palace for the lover who awakens them to the fulness of life, and that no chance comer ever lights upon one of them wondering who will arrive to fetch her and quite ready to start with whomever it is on the journey to wherever he may be going to take her, provided he can pay the travelling fares. But, though, fairly enough, the position of our multitude of fresh unpremeditating girls with no particular office in life except to be marriageable may be likened to that of the spell-bound princess waiting, forewarned yet unconsciously except in dreams, for a husband, it is not possible to assert that in all marriages the bride believes her bridegroom is the prince. There are women who marry for position; there are women, fewer probably, who marry for money. But these are the gross cases—cases which, if too frequent, are yet happily so few by comparison as to be exceptional—and they need no criticism. They are crimes, and there is an end of it. What is to be really deplored is the number of women who marry to be married, to be "settled in life," to have a home and be thought a somebody and be taken care of and never be called "old maid" and, above all, not to have to pinch and pine and perhaps starve at last in a struggle with the world for which they have had no sort of preparation. Marriage is for them a means of livelihood, and any marriage better than none. In this mood joy at an offer often enables a woman to set up for him who makes it such a comfortable good will as may seem to meet all his requirements in affection and appreciation for him, and in many cases, even her own: when this is so the amicability may stand wear, and in a kindly and unromantic nature develope into a very proper wifely regard. Happily this result is the more frequent and pleasure on getting married, if aided by a pleasurable sentiment towards the bridegroom, does fairly well as a substitute for more exalted feeling, being, if inadequate to the needs of the highest companionship, less likely to find its end in the resentment of disappointment than is an intense and sanguine affection aspiring to nothing less than the marriage of true minds. But plainly there is no hope that the profession of matrimony entered upon in no loftier a spirit than this can ever be carried on after its best ideal. And where the woman has not succeeded in learning, but only in hoping to learn, what she feels to be a sufficient affection to last her as a wife, or where, having acquired as much affection as suffices for most women who marry for marriage's sake, she is yet aware that she would have been capable of a different, deeper, feeling to some different man, she is accepting a position in which her nature cannot but deteriorate and she will become that worse thing than a "social failure," a domestic failure. There is no need to suppose her more ready to drift into flirtations or misconduct than her neighbours who have married with more love or a less conscious indifference; a woman's distaste or inclination to such faults depends far more on the nature of her esteem for herself than on the amount of her esteem for her husband. Supposing a married couple to be permanent lovers and companions, the wife, receiving all the devotion she requires to keep her womanly *amour propre* comfortable, and being absorbed in her husband, has the same protection against undue pleasure in the attentions of other men as the engaged girl genuinely in love with her betrothed, and, so far as the effects upon that part of her conduct are concerned, it matters little with what amount of self-protecting staidness she may, or may not, be gifted; but as a general rule the respectability of English wives comes of the fact that English women are for the most part respectable. And, of the two, the woman who has felt enthusiasm for the man she married, and has had to grow out of it, is more likely to take, from dangerous sympathies and homages, compensation for her disenchantment, than is the woman who was never enchanted to ask outside of marriage the emotions she was prepared to dispense with in her married lot. The moral harm which comes to any woman who not only has taken to marriage as a means of livelihood but who knows that she has done so, is that which must overtake anyone, man or woman, who enters on a worthy office from an unworthy motive, it is the savour of conscious yet now compulsory hypocrisy henceforth clinging to the mind even in its frankest impulses; it is the growing steadily down from the best one could have been to the best one may be with the least trouble which overtakes any person who embraces a self-sacrificing profession for the sake of its material advantages.

The women who, marrying for marriage, are reluctant as to the man are much rarer—and alas are often higher natured—than those whose less fastidious hearts learn to look on any man as an agreeable accessary to a marriage with him. These latter have the best prospect not only of their own sort of happiness for themselves as wives but of being comfortable wives to their husbands. If a man marries expecting the growth in marriage of longer and tenderer sympathies and completer intellectual confidence between him and his wife than the sunshine of courtship could expand, if his idea of the union is of a companionship, and his idea of the affection is of a steadily widening and deepening pleasure in each other and respect from each to each as man to woman and woman to man, if, in short, he wants what is far more than it need be the exceptional perfectness of marriage, a comfortable wife of this sort will be utterly and hopelessly discomforting, and the best thing that can happen to them both will be that he should promptly recover from his love for her, so as to be enabled to take her for granted and be tolerant. But for such a man the choice of wives is limited, and, to be sure of making no mistake, he might have longer to seek, and more warily, than most men care to do. For a man chosing as most men do choose, and with no super-ordinary ideal of married life, there might be worse luck than to hit upon one of the thousands of pleasant properly brought-up girls who, with the chance of marriage for all their future prospect, will accept that means of livelihood from anyone and love him into the bargain. There is no particular misfortune to such girls in their depending upon marriage, provided they do marry; the misery is that so many of them must perforce remain single and be sooner or later left to provide for themselves, weighed down, not only by the social difficulties in their way and their own incompetence to undertake any fairly remunerative labour of a "not menial" description, but by the depressing sense that providence has dealt sternly with them in refusing them their one fitting means of livelihood, matrimony.

SONNET.

Of what I have not, how can I be glad?
Entranced I was by a most subtle spell—
I listened to the charmer who charmed well,
And lured me by a music sweet and sad
Till I the weary past forgot, and had
Such joy in loving as no man may tell;
But on my new day sudden darkness fell—
The truth I saw, and yet I am not mad.
I sit in silence in this starless night,
I wait no dawning, hope no future sun—
My empty life is barren of delight,
My lonesome hours to no sweet music run,
And yet sometimes I sleep and dream again,
And wake to face the irrevocable pain.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

LITERATURE.

MR. SWINBURNE'S NEW POEMS.

Poems and Ballads: Second Series. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Chatto and Windus.

It will be interesting to observe whether the public, which vaguely regards Mr. Swinburne as a very brilliant singer of songs not proper to be sung, will or will not be pleased with this new volume of his poems. If it, the sensitive public, truly objected to what all healthy people must acknowledge to be outrageous in the first series of 'Poems and Ballads,' it ought to open its arms wide to the returning prodigal that sings to it, this time, of none but the purest and most delicate themes. On the other hand, if it really were the fire, the revolt, the whole new air of savage originality that gave its charm to the early poems, it is possible that the present volume may be found disappointing. Such disappointment, however, will be very foolish and illogical. When Mr. Swinburne was quite a young man he startled us with his fierce and lawless verses, and, perhaps more pleased than we allowed him to suppose we forgave him, as children say, "for this once." It was a relief to hear this keen voice break in upon the decorous stillness of the idyllic and domestic school to which we were in bondage. But the trick of erotic screaming has been caught by a hundred mocking-birds, and, if the poet had repeated his first notes, we could not have endured them. As a youth fresh from the study of antique life, he wrote 'Faustine' and 'Dolores,' and we accepted the over-fervid thought and the hot imagery for the sake of the force and the matchless vigour of versification. But Mr. Swinburne is now a middle-aged man, and we heartily congratulate him on having laid aside childish things. We are afraid the public, accustomed to his sonorous rages, will be hardly in tune for such a sobriety as he now displays, but we are sure that he prepares a firmer place for himself in English poetry by laying aside the lightning of his invective and the thunder of his alliteration.

Nothing could be more unfortunate than the title, 'Poems and Ballads: Second Series.' It is the weak point of the book, for it raises false expectations and prepares the reader to be disappointed. Not only has the volume no similarity whatever to the famous 'Poems and Ballads,' but there is positively not one single ballad, or narrative piece, in the whole book. The last third of the volume is occupied with translations, chiefly from Villon; of the rest, the majority, almost all that is excellent, is poetic criticism, mainly of writers lately dead, and of more or less melancholy reverie upon death itself. Indeed, without being at all morbid, the book has distinctly a funereal air. The chaplet that lies upon it is of laurel, rosemary, and yew, and the famous "lilies of virtue and roses of vice" are scarcely represented. For any but strictly poetical students or those whose temperament leads them to take pleasure in the instant thought of death, this odour of the grave, this intent reflection upon the passing away of beauty and song, may prove a little oppressive. From Mr. Swinburne we expect storm and sunlight, passion and fire; here he is revealed to us as one

> For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,
> All waters as the shore.

But those who are content to accept whatever gift genius finds to its hand to give will study with singular interest these subdued and sorrowful verses. The one quality Mr. Swinburne has hitherto seemed to lack is tenderness; except in 'Erechtheus' there has been little trace in his writings of any realisation of what is most quiet and sacred in the human soul. His style has borne the stamp of this apparent want in his nature. In the poems now before us, however, this precious quality is fully apparent, and a gentle, delicate purity of style follows with it as its reward and crown. We doubt if, in all the triumphant songs of his sonorous youth, there is to be found a stanza so exquisite, so subtle in melody, as this which closes, as with a shower of tears, the tender, sincere poem called "A Vision of Spring in Winter":—

> The morning song beneath the stars that fled
> With twilight through the moonless mountain air,
> While youth, with burning lips and wreathless hair,
> Sang toward the sun that was to crown his head,
> Rising; the hopes that triumphed and fell dead,
> The sweet swift eyes and songs of hours that were;
> . . .
> These may'st thou not give back for ever; these,
> As at the sea's heart all her wrecks lie waste,
> Lie deeper than the sea;
> But flowers thou may'st, and winds, and hours of ease,
> And all its April to the world thou may'st
> Give back, and half my April back to me.

This lovely poem repeats, but with a gentler sentiment, and a fuller wealth of experience, the opening stanzas of the "Prelude" to "Songs before Sunrise."

Of the critical and obituary pieces, the finest is "Ave atque Vale," an ode on the death of Baudelaire. Rarely has Mr. Swinburne succeeded in holding in so well his too-fluent muse. In this poem the progress of thought is sustained throughout, is nobly defined throughout, and the result is entirely successful. It deserves to be named by the side of the greatest modern elegies, "Adonaïs" and "Thyrsis." The second of the two poems, in memory of Barry Cornwall, claims equal but not similar praise. It is more lyrical and delicate, less severe and sombre; but it, also, is a masterpiece in its own order. The memorial verses to Théophile Gautier are inferior to the two poems last mentioned. They are rich and musical, but lax, losing their grip on the understanding of the reader by their length, and too full of obscure allusion. In thirteen pages of breathless eulogy, the ear grows weary of clause upon clause, change without progress, hyperbole that fails to bring conviction. Of the foolish sonnet that follows this we can but record the opinion that the desire of uttering a paradox has for once deprived the writer of all his critical judgment. The poem rather infelicitously called "In the Bay" belongs to the same obituary group, its scope being the glorification of a great dead poet. It is a noble piece of rhetorical verse, elevated, ardent, and pitched in an heroic key. Gazing out across the waters after sunset, the poet desires and attains communion with the great tragedian of the "unbowed, bright, insubmissive head," the morning star of English drama, Marlowe. It is always difficult to quote from Mr. Swinburne, specially so in this instance, when the thread of argument runs swiftly in an unbroken line, from beginning to end of a long poem, but these stanzas of critical reflection may bear to be broken from the body of song:—

> The world that sees in heaven the sovereign light
> Of sunlike Shakespeare, and the fiery night
> Whose stars were watched of Webster; and beneath,
> The twin-souled brethren of the single wreath,
> Grown in king's gardens, plucked from pastoral heath,
> Wrought with all flowers for all men's heart's delight,
>
> And one light risen since theirs to run such race
> Thou hast seen, O Phosphor, from thy pride of place.
> Thou hast seen Shelley, him who was to thee
> As light to fire, or dawn to lightning; me,
> Me likewise, O our brother, shalt thou see,
> And I behold thee, face to glorious face?
>
> You twain the same swift year of manhood swept
> Down the steep darkness, and our father wept.
> And from the gleam of Apollonian tears
> A holier aureole rounds your memories, kept
> Most fervent-fresh of all the singing spheres,
> And April-coloured thoughts all months and years.

In the same category are to be considered certain sonnets: one describing Cyril Tourneur under the image of a smitten sea, full of howling reefs, seen below one star by night; two entitled "Two Leaders," in which probably Father Newman and possibly Mr. Carlyle are described from a striking but unusual standpoint; two addressed in very noble language to the spirit of Giordano Bruno, and likening him to Lucretius and to Shelley; one sonnet, of course, to Victor Hugo, and another on "Victor Hugo in 1877."

We must pass hastily through the remainder of the volume without much attempt at arrangement. "The Last Oracle" is a musical invocation of Apollo, and a half-serious prediction that the world will resume the worship of the sun-god. "A Forsaken Garden," one of Mr. Swinburne's most complete and most vivid lyrics, is a description of a wasted flower-

garden over the sea, which nobody has tended for generations. and of which the wave is slowly sapping the foundations, "At a Month's End" is the solitary poem of 1878, which would seem in place in the volume of 1866. It is a pendant, in some degree, to "Félise," and describes the vain attempt made by two persons, a luxurious southern woman like a panther, and a rapid northern man like a sea-mew, to reach a single point on which they can be in sympathy with one another. This lyric contains some of the author's most ringing quatrains, in his old manner, the verses sounding like blows on metal. Of "The Year of the Rose," "A Wasted Vigil," and "A Song in Season," it can only be said that they err more distinctly than any of their companions in overweaning length and slenderness of interest. They are models of music, each contains, as its germ, a pure and refined thought; but sound alone, however rich, accompanied by a fancy only fit to fill a single stanza, cannot satisfactorily sustain the reader through twenty-one stanzas. Some of the songs, less ambitious in form than these, and not weighted with the extraordinary difficulties of such a measure as that of "A Song in Season," are very perfect. Of these "Pastiche," "Before Sunset," "Love laid his Sleepless Head," and "Triads," are all charming in their different moods. But perhaps the sweetest of all, because of such a rare simplicity, is the "Child's Song:"—

What is gold worth, say,
Worth for work or play,
Worth to keep or pay,
Hide or throw away,
Hope about or fear?
What is love worth, pray?
Worth a tear?

Golden on the mould
Lie the dead leaves rolled
Of the wet woods old,
Yellow leaves and cold,
Woods without a dove;
Gold is worth but gold;
Love's worth love.

"Ex-Voto," in which the poet expresses a hope that he may find his grave at last in no corner of the earth, but in the sea, and a very beautiful "Ballad of Dream-land" are the best of the original poems left unmentioned. The "Four Songs of the Four Seasons" promise more than they give; the realism they affect is not the gift of this transcendental poet, and, it would be difficult to define how, they leave on us a sense of failure.

The translations from Villon are out of keeping with the rest of the volume, but in themselves they are masterly. No one can ever hope to perform such renderings from the thief-poet of Paris again. Mr. Swinburne has selected ten of the most intrinsically valuable of the pieces not already translated by Mr. D. G. Rossetti. The "Ballade des Femmes de Paris" and that "Contre les Mesdisans de la France" have all the sprightliness and freshness of original poems; nor are the more serious and tragic ballades, such as "La Belle Heaulmière," rendered with less exactitude and genius. At the end of the volume the reader is surprised to come upon some of those exercises of skill on which Mr. Swinburne prides himself—a sextain in French; three poems in French and Latin, extracted from the 'Tombeau' of Théophile Gautier; and a neat little ode, "Ad Catullum." The dedication, to Captain Richard Burton, closes the book with some of the finest and most graceful lines that it contains.

THE CONFERENCE OF LIBRARIANS.

Transactions and Proceedings of the Conference of Librarians held in London, October, 1877. Edited by the Secretaries of the Conference, E. B. Nicholson and H. R. Tedder. Chiswick Press.

This imposing volume, a triumph of typographical execution, is less interesting from the intrinsic importance of its contents—though this is by no means inconsiderable—than as the memorial of an event from which an era may not improbably be dated by English bibliographical science. It records the first occasion on which English librarians have acted collectively or vindicated for themselves a corporate existence; the first also on which the claim of library administration to scientific rank has been asserted in a language destitute of any single term equivalent to *Bibliothekswissenschaft*. The official recognition of the chief magistrate of the metropolis, and the sympathetic attitude of the Press in general, may be regarded as a full concession of the librarians' claims. It remains for the latter to work out to the full the two main propositions which the Conference may be taken to have demonstrated their present usefulness, and their capacity for greater usefulness in the future. Judging from the general tone and spirit of the Conference, no less than from the quality of its first volume of 'Transactions,' we may feel hopeful of excellent results. The meeting was undeniably a very great success, due to three principal causes—the zeal and tact of the chief organiser, Mr. E. B. Nicholson; Mr. Winter Jones's acceptance, at considerable personal inconvenience of the presidency, which gave the gathering *prestige* and nipped possible rivalries and jealousies in the bud; and the unexpected advent of a contingent of American librarians. The earnestness of these gentlemen lifted the meeting at once into a higher region of thought and feeling; their good sense and familiarity with the usages of public assemblages expedited business, while their unassuming modesty and frank cordiality rendered it agreeable; and their suggestions had all the freshness and practical adaptability to be expected from men who have thought out their systems for themselves. The papers comprised in this volume fall into two classes, those treating of library science or details belonging to it, and those dealing with its practical application to the national service through the medium of free and other public libraries. Among the former class Mr. Winter Jones's inaugural address is by far the most important, touching upon almost every really indispensable detail of library administration, and embodying the conclusions of sound judgment and mature experience upon all—*der Weisheit letzter Schluss*. Mr. Jones's own career as a librarian corresponds within two years to the period assigned for the existence of library science in England, which he dates from the British Museum Commission of 1835. During this period every principle recommended by him has been amply tested by experience, and the outlines so firmly and clearly traced by him must constitute the ground-plan of every sound library system. Additions, without doubt, remain to be made; much may be expected from the peculiarly inventive genius of the librarians of the United States, who have the double advantage of the stimulus of a strong pressure from a public far more alive than ours to the utility of public libraries, and of a clear stage for experiment of every kind. Coming unprovided with formal contributions, the American deputation was restricted to a share in the discussion; and the only paper which illustrates their peculiar originality and spirit of contrivance is Mr. Henry Stevens's elucidation of his project of photobibliography, a most ingenious idea, but rather belonging to the luxuries than the essentials of librarianship. The other papers in this class are for the most part mainly of professional interest. Mr. Harrison, however, dealing with the principles which should govern the acquisition of books, and Mr. Garnett, treating of their arrangement, had the advantage of subjects attractive to the lovers of literature in general. Mr. J. A. Cross's theme, the Possibility of Framing a Universal Catalogue of Literature, is also one of much interest, but it will be long before the undertaking becomes practicable on the scale contemplated by the writer. His suggestions that the work should be performed by the co-operation of various libraries, each taking a separate branch of literature, and that it should be revised by a central board, or "clearing house" of librarians in London or some other literary centre, are excellent in principle, but would encounter insurmountable impediments in practice. Provincial librarians rarely possess the necessary apparatus for the execution of such a task, and the labour of revision would be far greater than metropolitan librarians and men of letters, already overworked, could be expected to assume. A similar plan was tried several years ago in connection with the complete English Dictionary projected by the Philological Society, and failed because few of the coadjutors could afford to bestow more than a desultory

and intermitting attention upon their work. Much, however, might be effected by less ambitious methods. Mr. Winter Jones and Mr. Garnett have shown how easily the enormous Catalogue of the British Museum—a long way on the road towards an index of universal literature—might be made generally accessible, in the shape of classed indexes, with very moderate assistance from the State. Another easy and practical step would be, as suggested by Mr. Cross, to bring together into one *corpus* the numerous indexes to special branches of literature already existing, together with the lists of authorities which add so largely to the usefulness of so many publications, but which frequently are forgotten or neglected for want of any machinery to record them. Since Mr. Cross's paper was read, an apparent step in the direction indicated by him has been taken by the Society of Arts' notable scheme for the publication of a complete Catalogue of English Literature *before* 1640. With so vast a field of usefulness in the very path of the Society, it required no common ingenuity to blunder out of it into something so useless. The project might have come with propriety from the Society of Antiquaries: the Society of Arts was established in the interests of commerce, manufactures, and mines, which it gravely proposes to promote by publishing lists of Latimer's sermons and Shakespeare's plays. It would be difficult, in fact, to devise an application of public money less calculated to benefit anybody. There would be reason in the Society's undertaking a list of technical works since 1840, instead of books of all kinds before 1640: an index to the Royal Society's valuable, and with such an appendage invaluable, Catalogue of Scientific Papers would be still more serviceable. But the day is remote when useful, unassuming work will be preferred to flashy claptrap.

Among the more important papers treating of libraries in their immediate relation to the public, the first in order is Mr. Wright's spirited disquisition "On the Best Means of Promoting the Free Library Movement in small towns and villages." It is a pity that so intelligent a critic as Mr. Cross should, from the mere passion for paradox, endeavour to throw cold water on Mr. Wright's zeal. The Plymouth librarian is right; the provincial librarian must not say, "To beg I am ashamed." When Mr. Cross came to read his own paper it appeared that he himself had no objection to be indebted to private liberality for the furtherance of his own particular scheme. His just observation, that free libraries should as far as possible be circulating, implies the multiplication of copies of the same book to a degree which would over-tax the ability and the goodwill of municipal ratepayers. Probably, as suggested by Mr. Wright and Mr. Yates, the School Board will generally be found the best ally of the provincial librarian. Another question of great importance was mooted by Mr. Peter Cowell, whose protest against the introduction of trashy fiction (not as some of his opponents chose to assume, fiction of any kind) into libraries supported by public money scarcely met with sufficient countenance. Some of the speakers seemed hardly to apprehend the distinction between the librarian who merely collects and the librarian who spends. It is quite true, as remarked by Mr. Coxe, that the former officer is not a censor of morals; but it is equally true that the latter is a dispenser of funds, and he has no right to spend the money entrusted to him for the purchase of good books upon bad ones, even in the expectation apparently entertained by some, that the study of Jack Sheppard will beget an interest in Julius Cæsar. It is, at the same time, quite possible to be over-scrupulous. While all sorts of books, containing all sorts of conflicting theories on the most momentous subjects, are necessarily admitted into libraries, it is hard to restrain a smile at Mr. Cowell's apprehensions that Captain Marryat may mislead a young man respecting Her Majesty's naval service, or Cooper beguile him into thinking more highly of the North American Indians than he ought to think. Most people will probably consider Marryat and Cooper excellent typical specimens of the class of fiction which should be encouraged in public libraries. The most useful contribution to the discussion of this subject was Professor Winsor's account of the admirable American method of circulating information respecting recent additions to libraries by means of printed fly-sheets, which usually contain the most authoritative opinions of the Press. This plan is said to have increased the issues of works of history, biography, and travel by 200 per cent., a result hardly to be expected here until popular education shall have made more progress.

Mr. Axon's essay on the "Relations of the British Museum to Provincial Culture" directs attention to a subject of great importance, of which the question of printed catalogues forms but a small part. Mr. Axon does not make it perfectly clear whether he would have the Museum Catalogue printed as it stands, or whether he would be content with subject indexes to the most important departments of knowledge. The former would be a gigantic work, requiring a very long time to complete, and when completed only partially accessible on account of its size and cost. The latter would result in a collection of manuals, cheap, handy, useful, and remunerative. Bibliographical accuracy being no object, and cross-references unnecessary, the Catalogue could be condensed into a surprisingly narrow space, and no one would be obliged to possess the whole of it. The existing alphabetical MS. Catalogue must, of course, be maintained, but must be gradually converted into a printed one for a reason not adverted to by Mr. Axon, the impossibility of otherwise accommodating it within the library. Hecatomb after hecatomb of useful books of reference is annually sacrificed to the growing monster; and it is patent to everybody that sooner or later it will claim the reading room for itself. Yet the Museum goes on serenely adding volume after volume, and the public wait patiently to be turned out. Strong measures must be adopted speedily if the Museum Catalogue is not to figure in history along with the Vicar of Wakefield's family picture and Robinson Crusoe's big canoe. The readiest solution of the problem is indicated by Mr. Winter Jones's hint that "the slips which are inserted in catalogue volumes might be printed instead of written, and in this way a printed catalogue might be obtained, but not a printed catalogue for circulation." It would, however, be most desirable to publish separate impressions of the most important articles, such as "Bible," "Homer," "Periodicals," "Shakespeare." The benefit to literature would be very great, the relief to the bulk of the Catalogue very sensible, and the expense would probably be nearly covered by the sale.

Mr. B. R. Wheatley's suggestions on the circulation of books embody the conclusions of long experience and great good sense. Mr. Robarts's project for making All Souls' College auxiliary to the Bodleian Library deserves encouragement, but its interest is chiefly local.

Forty pages of minute type are devoted to the discussion on the papers read, more entertaining than those lucubrations themselves, but, with the exception of the excellent suggestions of the American delegates, in general, of less value. It is easier to criticise than to originate; hence, some of the best speeches were delivered in reply to such superfluous inquiries as why books on the same subject should stand on the same shelf, or why the British Museum does not admit boys and girls to its reading room. The appendix describing the visits of the members of the Conference to various London libraries occasioned a most unfortunate delay in the publication of the volume, and its relevancy is, at first sight, hardly obvious. It has, however, been made the vehicle of a number of valuable particulars respecting the institutions in question, among which may especially be mentioned a Synopsis of the history of the "Museum Library," by Mr. Bullen, and a remarkably clear account of the most important details of its management, from the pen, as is understood, of Mr. Porter. The volume is concluded by the paragon of indexes, an enduring memorial of the diligence and practical ability of its compiler, Mr. H. R. Tedder, Mr. Nicholson's coadjutor as editor and secretary.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES ON DISESTABLISHMENT.

The Old Church; What shall we do with it? By Thomas Hughes, Q.C., author of "Tom Brown's School Days." London: Macmillan and Co.

This volume is a reprint of speeches and addresses delivered at intervals since 1872 on the various aspects of Disestablishment, with an introductory chapter, setting forth how the

question at present stands. Mr. Hughes is of opinion that the question of what is to be done with the Church is one that will soon become pressing. Many public men, he says, have been telling us that it does not press; that it is one for our children; that at any rate it will not be made a test question at the next election. Those who tell us this, he thinks, "should change their mood into the optative." "What they really mean is that they hope it won't be made a test; that whips or influential persons of one kind or another, will be able to pull some other wire than this at the last moment, so that quiet folk may worry through with a silent bow to the established authorities over the right shoulder, and an aside to the Liberationists over the left, 'that no one in his senses would think of establishing religion, or anything else in these days; that they have only to be a little patient, such a settlement as will meet their views being a question of time,' and the like." From his own personal experience and observation Mr. Hughes "can assure all doubters that in this matter they are deceiving, or trying to deceive themselves. Let them be well assured from one who has the very best reason to know, that no Liberal will contest a borough at the next election without being forced to declare himself distinctly on the subject. The time for sitting on the fence is past, and every one will have to jump down on one side or the other." The chief reason that Mr. Hughes gives for this opinion is that the Liberation Society, besides having taken the important step since Mr. Miall's motion was defeated, of framing practical suggestions for the disestablishment of the Church, has found a powerful ally in the recently organised Liberal Associations.

As regards Mr. Hughes's own position, he has, to use his own illustration, jumped down on one side of the fence, but he threatens to stand still and withhold his aid in resisting the attack of the party on the other side unless certain conditions are yielded to him. "Defence," he says "apart from reform, I could not accept." It would fill him with sorrow to see the Church cut adrift from the State, but he is earnestly convinced that it ought to be reformed, that it ought to be made in some way more truly national. But how is this to be done? Mr. Hughes is prepared for this question, and has his answer ready. He would reform the Church by the same machinery which the Liberation Society propose to use for its "destruction," an Act of Parliament. "The nation, in its great Council, must remodel the Church, as it did three hundred years ago; and, much as the task goes against the grain, Parliament will have to face it in one form or another, and that before long." Mr. Hughes is not afraid of Sir Robert Peel's warning, "Whatever you do with the Church, above all, don't legislate." Legislation in some shape he considers inevitable; the Church has no alternative between reform and abolition as an integral part of the State. Of course, we do not expect Mr. Hughes, in laying down this as his condition of a tenable establishment, to go into minute particulars as to the steps that Parliament ought to take. It is enough that he indicates what would be to him an acceptable direction of reform. What he wishes for is some sort of Comprehension Act, such a removal of stumbling-blocks from the articles of the established faith as would enable all who call themselves Christians to worship in the national Church. He would not like to see the Duke of Somerset or Mr. Bradlaugh preaching in Westminster Abbey, but he would have no objection whatever to admitting to the national pulpits dissenters of a less pronounced type. All, in fact, that Mr. Hughes demands is that the Church should be so constituted as to be a monument of "the fact that the nation in its corporate capacity has a spiritual as well as a material life." He makes it clear that, as far as he is concerned, he would be content with a church which should provide a decent and orderly ceremonial, not too flagrantly at variance with established usage. As for the doctrinal formulas of the Church, they might be as abstract as possible, the more abstract the better so long as they were really theological and did recognise a religious sentiment.

We are far from thinking that there is not a great deal to be said for such an ideal Church as this, if the ideal could be realised. For ourselves, we believe that the bond of society should be civil and not religious; we do not believe that attendance at common places of religious worship is necessary to prevent men from forgetting that they are members of the same community. Still there is much to be said in favour of solemn gatherings of friends and neighbours at stated times under the same roof to join with one heart in a great ceremonial. It is not necessary, we believe, for social stability; still, it might be well that it were possible. But is it possible? Can any one, looking abroad upon the infinite diversities of opinion into which mankind are carried, and must be carried while thought is free, believe for one moment that it is possible? Evidently, the motive that lies at the root of Mr. Hughes's desire for a national Church freed from every element of bitterness and division, is the fear that, in the absence of a State Church, sects will multiply, animosities will become more intense, and there will be to all sober minds too violent a breaking with the past. As a counteraction to this fear, lest the cutting loose of the Church from the State would give too violent a wrench to religious sentiment, we would direct him to one of the sections of his own book, where he considers whether Disestablishment necessarily involves Denationalisation:—

> When Parliament [he there says] had done all that even Parliament has power to do, I fail to see how equality in the Liberationist sense would have been reached, or the Church turned into a sect.
>
> Suppose the law allowed a man who had lived with his wife hitherto, and been very liberal to her in the matter of allowances and pin money, to turn her out of doors, and say, Henceforth you are no wife of mine, and I never wish to see your face, or hear your voice, again. Here are these odds and ends of property to which you are possibly entitled, and which I hereby declare by this deed of divorce to be absolutely your own to deal with precisely as you please; so now all bond between us is at end. Even in such as case the wife might reply: You cannot effect your purpose. It took my consent as well as yours to make us one, and without my consent as well as yours we can't be made two. I mean to remain loyal to you in word and deed, and to hold these shreds of property, and any I may become possessed of hereafter, on the same trusts for you and your children, as though I were still acknowledged by you and living in your house. Under such circumstances it seems obvious enough that nothing the man could do would really effect his object; no human will or decree could alter facts, and the woman who had been his wife could never be made to him precisely as other women.
>
> And so in the case of the Church and the sects. In the supposed case, after the State had given the bill of Divorce, if the Church remained loyal, and declared that whatever scraps of material property might be thrown to her, together with the spiritual property of her Common Prayer, her Services, Orders, and the rest, she would continue to hold, as heretofore, upon trust for every parish in England, and for every parishioner in each parish—for every man, woman, and child in the nation, whether the State consented or did not consent, she would remain still truly national, not indeed in Establishment, which is accidental, but in object which is essential.
>
> An Established Church may be (as of old in Ireland) an Established sect. A Disestablished Church might well remain truly national, unless it made itself into a sect by voluntarily narrowing its own trusts. And I would fain hope and believe, that, under no possible circumstances, will the Church of England ever be guilty of such a piece of folly or stupidity.

SOME RESULTS OF THE LOAN COLLECTION OF SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS.

Conferences Held in connection with the Special Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus, 1876. *Physics and Mechanics, Chemistry, Biology, Physical Geography, Geology, Mineralogy, and Meteorology* Two Vols.

Free Evening Lectures, delivered in connection with the Special Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus, 1876. Published for the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, by Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly.

"South Kensington" is a terrible bone of contention, and the sound of these words is often enough to raise a battle of talk, in which one party uses such weapons as "jobbery," "nepotism," "scientific and artistic quackery," &c., whilst the other side retorts with "dead to the refining influence of art," "hatred of education," "antagonism to real progress in science," and so on. It is happily outside the boundaries of a review of scientific books to express any opinion on, or attempt any analysis of this wordy war. We only mention its existence because, as we hope to show that these books are a valuable product of the South Kensington machinery, and

as we thereby put a weapon into the hands of the defenders of this institution, we must disclaim any party feeling from the very outset. Before leaving this subject, we may, however, remark that the tide of attack beat heavily on the Loan Collection of Scientific Instruments. We were told that it was a mere advertising booth for opticians and makers of physical apparatus. But again, we know nothing of the internal politics of the matter, and care nothing for them. We look at the collection entirely from the point of view of the outside public, and in it we see a most valuable and instructive exhibition. Here the advanced leaders in scientific work had an opportunity of comparing the tools which they used in their researches with those used by their brother workers in the same fields of inquiry, and also were able to examine those used in other investigations outside of their own particular subjects, from which examination it may often have been possible for them to pick up hints for further improvement in their own apparatus; whilst students and lovers of science were able, by the help of the valuable catalogue, to get a sort of *précis* of the present state of physical inquiry and of its results.

In addition to these good points in the Exhibition, a system of conferences was established, at which some of the most eminent men of science of the day read papers, and these papers were afterwards discussed. In fact, these conferences may be considered almost as an extraordinary meeting of some of the sections of the British Association, on the plan of which they were arranged. The results of the conferences are embodied in the two first volumes under notice. Their titles show the vast range of subjects of which they treat. Each volume contains over 400 pages of matter which is mostly new, and all of which is valuable. There are papers by almost every well known man of science in Great Britain, with the unfortunate exception of Professor Huxley, as well as some by foreigners of such eminence as Professor Blaserna, M. le General Morin, and M. Tresca. Of course, it is impossible within the limits of an article to give any idea of the subject matter or of the merits of all the papers here collected. The names of the gentlemen forming the sub-committees who organised the sections are, however, alone a sufficient guarantee of the value of the papers. Committees with such men as Mr. W. Spottiswoode, Mr. C. W. Siemens, Professor Frankland, Professor Burdon Sanderson, and Mr. John Evans as presidents, were unlikely to allow any papers but those of real value to be read before their respective sections. We may, however, notice the papers by Dr. Stone and Mr. Bosanquet on "just intonation" and instruments of just intonation.

Of late years there has sprung up a small and generally ridiculed party, composed of musicians who are men of science and men of science who are musicians. This party is held together by the common cause of the exact scale. They hold that the "equal temperament" of our pianos in the first place, and of our orchestras in the next, is the ruin of our musical ears, and further tends to dull and render indistinct all musical colouring. To this party Dr. Stone and Mr. Bosanquet belong. We think that so far this little band of reformers would have the support of most musical people; but they go further. They say it is possible to abandon this equal temperament and substitute for it some other system of tuning, which, if not, perhaps, mathematically accurate, shall at all events be far nearer to the truth than that which now offends their ears. Of course, granted sufficiently delicate ears in the performers, voices and strings could always perform in all keys in the unmodified exact scale; but when we leave these limits we find that all instruments not of the string class would be obliged to be much more complicated, and that, above all, the piano, organ, and harmonium would become such a bewildering maze of keys that no ordinary human being could ever hope to do more than play the very simplest music on them. However, many scientific musicians, and Mr. Bosanquet amongst the number, have produced keyboards by which a good approximation to the exact scale is produced for a workable number of keys without any very formidable addition to the number of finger-keys per octave. But, by these daring attempts at reform, this little party have drawn a hornet's nest about their ears. The greater part of the musical world ridicules their notions, and looks upon them as dreamy pedants who are making a noise about what they do not understand, and ask ironically whether Hallé, Von Bülow, Arabella Goddard, and Mme. Shumann are all to go to school and play scales, and relearn all the mechanism of their art to please the fastidious ears of a small band of conceited *dilettanti*; and, on the whole, the musical world is right. But should some practical method of using the exact scale for keyed instruments be invented we have no doubt but that the cause of just intonation will gradually gain followers, and that in the course of a good many generations Palestrina's music may be once more heard in all its beauty, whilst the music of later composers will probably gain more than it will lose by the change.

Another most valuable and interesting paper is that by Professor Tyndall on Faraday's apparatus. No one is better acquainted with Faraday's work than his successor at the Royal Institution, and few men have the power of explanation developed to anything like the degree in which it is found in Professor Tyndall. This paper is a very good specimen of his best style. It is to be found in the third work under notice, the 'Free Evening Lectures, delivered in connection with the Special Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus.' We owe these lectures entirely to the public spirit of the gentlemen who delivered them. It was felt that in addition to the conferences, mainly intended as they were for experts, it was necessary to have a series of more popular lectures on the apparatus in the collection in order to give the full benefit of the Exhibition to the general public. As State funds were not forthcoming for this purpose, this scheme of evening lectures was organised and worked by volunteers, all of the highest position in the world of science, and their lectures have been preserved and published to the great advantage of the cause of scientific education.

Amongst the lectures in this collection is one by Mr. W. H. Preece, of the Postal Telegraphs, on Telegraphy, and as is usual whenever Mr. Preece speaks or writes, we find not only much valuable information conveyed in the clearest possible language, but also plenty of amusement. One story which he tells here is very funny. It appears that telegraph clerks use abreviations of many words in common use. One much used some time ago was "k d s" (kids) for children. A great politician having delivered a speech on education in the country spoke often of "the religious education of our children;" by some carelessness the abreviation was not expanded, and the next day in our leading journal (to quote Mr. Preece) this phrase appeared as "the religious education of our kids," to the horror of the unhappy man who had delivered the speech.

THE LYSISTRATA OF ARISTOPHANES.

The Revolt of the Women: A Free Translation of the 'Lysistrata' of Aristophanes. By Benjamin Bickley Rogers, M.A. George Bell and Sons.

This is a bold attempt. Mr. Rogers has already been successful in translating 'The Clouds,' 'The Peace,' and 'The Wasps,' and it is to be regretted that he has not found leisure to accompany his translation of this play with such annotations as were appended to his earlier efforts. But 'the Nephelai,' 'the Eriene,' and 'the Sphekes' are, in spite of occasional passages, fairly in accordance with the modern standard of decency. The 'Lysistrata' has been described by Mr. Browning in 'Aristophanes' Apology,' one of the most instructive pieces of criticism ever given to the world, in language which will bear repeating. Says Balanstion:—

> I heard Lusistrate.
> Waves, said to wash pollution from the world,
> Take that plague-memory, cure that pustule caught
> As, past escape, I sat and saw the piece . . .
> So, beyond all brute-beast imagining,
> That when, to point the moral at the close,
> Poor Salabaccho, just to show how fair
> Was Reconciliation, stripped her charms,
> That exhibition simply bade us breathe,
> Seemed something healthy and commendable;
> After obscenity grotesqued so much
> It slunk away revolted at itself.

Coming from an almost idolatrous admirer of Euripides, this description must, no doubt, be taken *cum grano*, and probably most impartial readers will be of opinion that the indecency of the 'Lysistrata' is nothing more than unrestrained but healthy animalism. Still, its bad name is not wholly unmerited, and, consequently, even a "free" translation of it into English is some test of moral ingenuity. Mr. Trevelyan calls his "Ladies in Parliament" "a modern and decent Ecclesiazasæ," but that is not a translation, and, but for the allusion in the preface, readers of Aristophanes would scarcely have been reminded of the original. Without pursuing this part of the subject further, it may at once be said that Mr. Rogers has got over the difficulty with great skill, and that the book before us is not at all improper to be laid on the drawing room table. This is a feat quite equal to Mr. Calverley's beautiful translation of Theocritus' least edifying idyll, which was first published in this country, we believe, by the Bishop of Lincoln.

The 'Lysistrata' was acted in the year 411 B.C., two years after the fate of the expedition to Sicily had practically determined the result of the Peloponnesian War. We know from Thucydides with what marvellous energy the Athenians set themselves to overcome the consequences of that disaster; but, after more than twenty years of unremunerative fighting, it is not to be wondered at if a passionate desire for peace was active in the middle class of society. Some such feeling must have existed to make the 'Lysistrata' possible. A people really bent on war would not have endured the rough satire on a soldier's life with which the play abounds, or the "gay wisdom" (if we may borrow a phrase from Lord Beaconsfield) with which doctrines pretty nearly equivalent to peace at any price are inculcated upon the audience. Moreover, the play ends with general rejoicings over the actual conclusion of peace. The method by which peace is secured is simple enough. The women shut themselves into the Acropolis apart from the men, and in a short time the stronger, or, perhaps, we should say, in this connection, the weaker sex, are reduced to such extremeties that they will agree to any proposals on condition of a reunion. It is obvious that the capabilities of this situation are very great, and no one who knows Aristophanes will suspect him of neglecting to make use of them. The desertions of individual women, and the sorry plight of temporarily celibate husbands, are described with much detail and no hesitation, nor are the repartees exchanged during the siege devoid of that point which has come to be called Aristophanic or Rabelaisian. Sometimes, indeed, as in line 231, when the women are vowing that they will live chastely for a time, we have that peculiar kind of subtlety or obscurity which has made 'Tristram Shandy' famous, and from which 'Measure for Measure' is not exempt. Mr. Rogers is, of course, not troubled with such niceties, but in reproducing the spirit and vigour of the original he is highly successful, even where, in the Greek, these qualities are most conspicuous. Take, for instance, the dialogue between Lysistrata and the Magistrate, beginning at line 486, and on page 18 of Mr. Rogers's translation:—

MAG. Foremost and first, I would wish to inquire of them, what is this silly disturbance about?
Why have ye ventured to seize the Acropolis, locking the gates and barring us out?

LYS. Keeping the silver securely in custody, lest for its sake ye continue the war.

MAG. What, is the war for the sake of the silver, then?

LYS. Yes, and all other disputes that there are. Why is Peisander for ever embroiling us,
Why do the rest of our officers feel always a pleasure in strife and disturbances?
Simply to gain an occasion to steal. Act as they please for the future, the treasury
Never a penny shall yield them, I vow.

MAG. How, may I ask, will you hinder their getting it?

LYS. We will ourselves be the treasurers now.

MAG. You, woman, you be the treasurers?

LYS. Certainly. Ah! you esteem us unable, perchance!
Are we not skilled in domestic economy? Do we not manage the household finance?

MAG. O, that is different.

LYS. Why is it different?

MAG. This is required for the fighting, my dear.

LYS. Well, but the fighting itself isn't requisite.

MAG. Only, without it, we're ruined, I fear.

LYS. We will deliver you.

MAG. You will deliver us!

LYS. Truly we will.

MAG. What a capital notion!

LYS. Whether you like it or not, we'll deliver you.

MAG. Impudent hussy!

LYS. You seem in commotion. Nevertheless, we will do as we promise you.

MAG. That were a terrible shame, by Demeter.

LYS. Friend, we must save you.

MAG. But how if I wish it not?

LYS. That will but make our resolve the completer.

MAG. Fools! what on earth can possess you to meddle with matters of war and matters of peace?

LYS. Well, I will tell you the reason.

MAG. And speedily, else you will rue it.

LYS. Then listen, and cease clutching and clenching your fingers so angrily. Keep yourself peaceable.

MAG. Hanged if I can; such is the rage that I feel at your impudence.

STRAT. Then it is *you* that will rue it, my man.

The strength and rhythm of this admirable passage remind us of John Hookham Frere, who, fortunately for Mr. Rogers, never translated this play. We are inclined to think that this circumstance alone compensates for any disadvantages arising from the nature of the plot, for Frere is a very bad translator to follow. He is perhaps the only man who has ever reproduced the beauty as well as the wit of Aristophanes, and the high-water mark of Aristophanic translation could not be better indicated than by his rendering of the unequalled choric passage from the birds, beginning—

Ἄγε δὴ φύειν ἄνδρες ἀμαυράβιοι, φύλλων γενεᾷ προσόμοιοι,
ὀλιγοδρανέες, πλάσματα πηλοῦ, σκιοειδέα φῦλ' ἀμενηνά,
ἀπτῆνες ἐφημέριοι, ταλαοὶ βροτοὶ ἀνέρες ἐικελόνειροι,
πρόσσχετε τὸν νοῦν τοῖς ἀθανάτοις ἡμῖν, τοῖς αἰὲν ἐοῦσι,
τοῖς αἰθερίοις, τοῖσιν ἀγήρῳς, τοῖς ἄφθιτα μηδομένοισιν.

Thus Frere:

Ye children of man, whose life is a span,
Protracted with sorrow from day to day,
Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,
Sickly, calamitous, creatures of clay,
Attend to the words of the sovereign birds,
Immortal, illustrious, lords of the air.

Mr. Rogers never reaches this level, which combines perfect fidelity to the original with vigorously idiomatic English and faultlessly musical rhythm. It is perhaps to be regretted that he should have so widely departed from the words of Aristophanes as in the following passage, and others which we could quote did space permit, for if people naturally object to getting Theognis when they gape for Æschylus, it is still more reasonable that they should resent the substitution of Mr. Rogers for Aristophanes. Yet this is the case with the Athenian hymn at the end of the play:—

πρόσαγε χορὸν, ἐπάγαγε χάριτας,
ἐπὶ δὲ κάλεσον Ἄρτεμιν,
ἐπὶ δὲ δίδυμον ἥιον
εὔφρον', ἐπὶ δὲ Νύσιον,
ὃς μετὰ Μαινάσι Βάκχιος ὄμμασι δαίεται,
Δία τε πυρὶ φλεγόμενον, ἐπί τε ποτνίαν ἄλοχον ὀλβίαν,
εἶτά τε δαίμονας, οἷς ἐπιμάρτυσι
χρησόμεθ' οὐκ ἐπιλήσμοσιν
Ἡσυχίας πέρι τῆς ἀγανόφρονος,
ἣν ἐποίησε Θεὰ Κύπρις.

Now for the chorus, the graces, the ministrelsy,
Call upon Artemis, queen of the glade;
Call on her brother, the Lord of Festivity,
Holy and gentle one, mighty to aid;
Call upon Bacchus, afire with his Mœnades,
Call upon Zeus in the lightning arrayed,
Call on his Queen, ever blessed, adorable,
Call on the holy infallible witnesses,
Call them to witness the peace and the harmony
This which divine Aphrodite has made.

Doubts may, perhaps, be felt as to the taste and effect of translating the speeches and songs of the Spartan characters into broad Scotch; but, on the whole, very little fault can be

found with Mr. Rogers's style, which will not keep constantly before the mind of the English reader, as Mr. Browning's Aeschylus does, the fact that he is not reading a piece of English composition. It is to be hoped that the prognostication in the preface may be falsified, and that Mr. Rogers may have sufficient health and leisure to enrich his translations of Aristophanes' other plays with the explanatory notes of which no author stands more in need.

A FALLEN ANGEL.

A Fallen Angel. A Novel. Tinsley Brothers.

With all its great and obvious faults, this is a very beautiful story. If we are right in concluding from internal evidence that it is a first attempt, there can be little doubt that a new English novelist of exceptional power has appeared among us. The author has chosen a very delicate subject, and has embarked, with the rashness of a novice, upon somewhat ambitious themes; but there is in this book the unmistakeable, if indefinable, quality, under the influence of which the reader feels rather than knows that he is in the company of men and women, and not of the lay figures who are merely constructed to illustrate ingenious theories, or exhibit familiar characteristics. There is in this much to be thankful for. Scores of volumes are produced every year, we had almost said every month, showing considerable talent for constructing intrigue and considerable capacity for saying very little at great length, and in a variety of ways. But as there are few voices and many echoes in the world of philosophy, so there are few living characters and many galvanised dolls in the world of fiction. So it has always been, so we suppose it must always be. No knowledge of rules, no laborious adherence to artistic principles will make the dry bones live, or convert the phantoms of restricted imagination into beings of flesh and blood. A great poet alone can create the "forms more real than living man, nurslings of immortality," for, so far as his processes admit of description, he abstracts the trivial and accidental qualities, leaving only the essential truth by which Othello and Macbeth and Lear and Falstaff are more real than the "sounds and shadows" of human life. What is necessary and sufficient is that the world into which the poet or the novelist introduces us should not repel or disgust us by the caricature of what exists in the world or the too faithful expression of what exists only in the author's mind. In Lockhart's 'Life of Scott' there is a story which we commend to the notice of those who are anxious to instruct or amuse their fellow-creatures through the medium of fiction. The subject of the anecdote is sculpture, not novels, but that is no matter. A professor of the lost art is lecturing on a model of his own, finished according to the most improved principles, and contrasting it with the sadly faulty construction of a certain antique model. And, as he lectures, there comes over the man, by some divine chance, a feeling that all is not right, and for once his dull self-complacency is disturbed, and he breaks out, as if in spite of himself, with "*Cependant, Messieurs, je ne sais pas—mais cette vilaine bête est vivante, et la mienne est morte.*" The characters in the book before us are not flawlessly consistent, but they are alive.

The principal *dramatis personæ* are five in number. They are Gilbert Harlowe and Mildred Heath, the hero and heroine; Laura Richardson, who marries the hero; Alfred Walstab, a poet, and Ernest Milroy, a theatrical manager. But it is on Mildred Heath that the real interest of the story centres, and Mildred Heath is a very charming girl. Whether her extraordinary innocence and guilelessness is possible even to a young lady brought up in the depths of the country with no mother to take care of her, and a father who utterly neglects her, is no doubt a fairly open question. But that, except for her one *faux pas*, she is an entirely pure and honest woman there can be no doubt whatever. Mr. Harlowe first discovers her in her father's garden, which he has entered in order to pick up a whip for another lady. The garden is said, with Byronic license, to "*lay* sleeping in the rich golden sunlight," and there also lies, to return to normal English, Miss Mildred Heath. "She is dressed in pale dove-grey, which has fallen into the most graceful folds and masses on the large crimson rug upon which she is thrown. . . . And such a face it is! It positively breathed happiness from every feature." Here our author interpolates a philosophical reflection, savouring of a dim reminiscence of Aristotle and of the kind of logic which is ungallantly called feminine. "It has been said that 'the absence of pain is happiness,' but it is unconscious at the best." Leaving this remarkable aphorism without comment, we may observe that Miss Heath was consciously happy, and proceed with her description. "The charm of her beauty was not in her golden-brown hair, with just the faintest ripple in it to throw up the brilliancy of its rich colour; not in the pure cream-tinted skin; not in the exquisitely delicate curve of the chin and cheek; nor in the straight clear-cut outline of the nose—no, the charm is deeper than any outward form can give. 'The mind, the music, breathing from her face' is the secret magnet that holds him spellbound. Seeing the intruder, she closes the book, upon which one hand has rested, and rises with much dignity and more grace. The picture is better still now. The soft folds of the dress fall into more exquisite lines—lines that can only result from the actual grace of the wearer, and not from any milliner's art." This is as it should be, for, as Plautus says, *Amatores mulieris non vestem amant, sed vestis fastum.* Moreover, Miss Heath's conversational powers are considerable, and she is certainly worthy of a more virtuous lover than Mr. Gilbert Harlowe. Mr. Harlowe, however, is not by any means the conventional stage villain who imposes upon maiden innocence by the shallowest artifices, and recalls by his general conduct and demeanour Mr. Huckaback in 'Ten Thousand a Year,' of whom it is said that, "whenever a lady saw him, she shuddered, and whenever a gentleman saw him he felt a tingling sensation in his right toe." Mr. Harlowe has very quiet manners, and little tendency to swagger, and, though it is evident from the outset that he is a very contemptible as well as a very dishonest person, yet the reader understanding is not revolted by the success in decent society of a man only fit to be like Mr. Raffles in 'Middlemarch,' "the Adonis of nice parlours." The same qualified praise cannot be bestowed upon Miss Laura Richardson. The accomplished Gilbert was of opinion that there was "no vulgarity in herself," but there we cannot help thinking that the accomplished Gilbert was wrong. She certainly considered that "the lower orders of people are always abominable everywhere;" and she remarks to one of her suitors, "You don't know the repugnance I feel when I am brought into contact with real vulgarity." This, however, is the manner adopted by this refined young person when she is alone with Mr. Harlowe. "There does not appear to be much talk between them; Laura cannot help betraying a certain nervousness when they are not speaking. The tendrils are beginning to suffer some damage from the jewelled fingers that are playing with them; yet, despite this embarrassment, she is determined to play the part she has laid out for herself. Ladies of fashion, she believes, are invariably languid; and she is as still, and heavy, and drooping as any flower in the conservatory. The perfume in the warm air seems to have lulled her into partial unconsciousness; Harlowe has addressed her twice without obtaining a reply. In this imitation of good style she feels sure she is right." But enough of this sweet flower of nature. Her husband must have obtained part of his reward even in this world. The creator of Alfred Walstab must, we should think, have some especial spite against poets. The *genus irritabile vatum* are not celebrated for sweet reasonableness where their own poems are concerned, but few such awkward and ill-tempered cubs as is the gentleman with the euphonious name already mentioned can have woke to find themselves literary lions. We are given to understand that Mr. Walstab, after plunging into the dissipations of this metropolis, emerges a much pleasanter and more practicable person; but, as almost at the end of the story he produces a note-book for the purpose of inserting a remark which strikes him in conversation, we take leave to think that the density which enabled him to fall in love with Laura Richardson must have accompanied him to the last. His friend Lord Levieu is a very pleasant and natural sketch of an amiable rather intellectual young

man, but the author's pet character is the theatrical manager. The manner in which Ernest Milroy is brought into connection with Mildred Heath is sufficiently commonplace, and the relation between them is somewhat strained and artificial, but he is a good type of the "great broad-shouldered genial Englishman" with a dash of professional skill and a leaven of general intelligence, nor is his treatment of Gilbert Harlowe at all unwelcome to those who are wearied with that gentleman's perpetual whining over his well deserved misfortunes. It is the utter and irretrievable worthlessness of the man, in whom there was really nothing to appeal to but his stomach, which mars the great beauty and pathos of the final parting between Gilbert and Mildred at the close of this most unequal book, and gives an air of unreality to a scene otherwise worthy of a great novelist.

In taking leave of this book it is very difficult to pass a discriminating judgment upon it is a whole. That it is thoroughly readable and interesting we assert without hesitation. That the plot would be more attractive if it were less like 'Griffith Gaunt' we have equally little doubt. And upon faults of style and inaccuracy of allusion we can speak with confidence. It is bad taste to call a long walk a "prolonged peregrination" (vol. 1, p. 67). *Kudos* does not mean money (p. 88). "Let us hope mutually" is not an equivalent for "let us both hope." "Exoteric" has nothing to do with a hothouse (p. 111). "A daintily-set head, wrapped *classically* around with softly gleaming, rippling gold-brown hair" is absurd (p. 122). "He never throws a glance at the girl Cameron has chosen once for the evening" is, unhappily, ambiguous (p. 201). The Welsh Hampstead Heath is Snowdon, not "Snowden" (vol. ii., p. 183). "The woman whose principles do not admit of petition as prayer" is unusually obscure even for a theological phrase. Shakspeare wrote "Screw your courage to the sticking-place," not "sticking-point" (vol. iii., p. 38.) "I didn't wish to wear you out before we had scarcely commenced our travels" is a vulgarism (p. 153). And Dryden, who was not an Irishman, but a great master of English did not write,

> Great wits are *sure* to madness near allied;

but

> Great wits full oft to madness are allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

To conclude these somewhat minute criticisms, we cannot help thinking that the Walstabs or the Richardsons would have discovered Gilbert Harlowe's kinship with Lord Agincourt by similarity of names; and we do not see how Mildred discovered the identity of Lord Levien at page 190 of volume iii. But when we leave these points, and come to our opinion of the story the task is not so easy. Perhaps advice is safer than judgment; and we will, therefore, in conclusion, advise the author—or, rather, as we conjecture, the authoress of 'A Fallen Angel' to study compression of narrative, purity of style, and verisimilitude of character, if she wishes to confer upon society the great benefit of a story equal in substantial power and superior in artistic form to the book before us.

MINOR NOTICES.

The Grosvenor Gallery Illustrated Catalogue. Winter Exhibition of Drawings by the Old Masters. With a critical introduction by J. Comyns Carr (Librairie de l'Art).—Mr. Carr does not exaggerate when he says that the recent collection of drawings by the Old Masters at the Grosvenor Gallery may be said to mark an epoch in Art exhibition. It proved not only that such treasures may be exhibited without risk to their possessors, but that the number of people capable of enjoying them is much greater than seems to be supposed by the guardians of drawings that have been left to the nation, who justify their jealous seclusion of them in rooms difficult of access by saying that only a few professed students care to see the designs of the Great Masters. The exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery was closed before this Illustrated Catalogue was issued, but it receives a permanent value, beyond its being a careful *catalogue raisonnée* of a unique collection, from Mr. Carr's admirable introduction, and from fourteen facsimiles of the gems of the exhibition obtained by a new process which succeeds in giving a marvellously close reproduction of the originals. Mr. Carr is an enthusiast about the drawings of great masters, and expresses the reasons for his enthusiasm well in the following passage:—

> In one sense, indeed, a drawing by a great master may be said to make a stronger and more direct appeal to the imagination than the most highly-finished painting. Colour, with its vivid charm and boundless resources of realistic effect, becomes under certain conditions rather a hindrance than a help to the understanding of deeper elements of beauty; for colour bears always the unmistakable stamp of its epoch, and its fashion changes with the changing fashions of art, and modes of expression that were of living force at the date of its use may thus grow, at last, to seem strange and formal; and we find that some effort of sympathy, and a measure of artistic culture, are necessary to the appreciation of the beautiful colouring of many of the earlier painters. We must understand what were the resources at their command, and what was the ideal motive underlying their work, before we are able to recognise the fitness or the sufficiency of the result; and it is just here that a collection of sketches and designs comes to our help. The material of a drawing is, in itself, so simple; there is so little in the mode of execution with the silver point or with the pen wherein one age can boast advantage over another, that our attention is carried at once to what is essential in the master's style. Expressed in such abstract language, his thought can scarcely escape us, nor can he himself escape the need of clear and precise definition. From the drawing we go back again to the painting with a new sense of the humanity and purpose animating the polished and elaborated workmanship. What before seemed only archaic, now beats with the pulse of life; we see the artist moving in his work, we recognise the touch of human handicraft, we are able to separate the strength of his individuality from immaturities of style, not his, but of his time—until at last the colour itself, that at first seemed only strange to us, begins to glow with an unsuspected warmth and beauty. Without such help, a picture painted long ago often discourages by its aspect the suggestion of human authorship. The very perfection which the author has bestowed upon the result only serves, in a sense, to efface the record of his own personality; the rounded completeness of the workmanship leaves scarce a trace of where his hand began, or where it ceased to labour. But, a drawing made in preparation for such a picture restores, as if by magic, the lost presence of the artist. Its few simple lines have the force and fascination of spoken words. Their familiar accent lingers in the memory, and brings before us a living image of their author.

Mr. Carr, though an enthusiast, is not a jealous and supercilious enthusiast, and has some sharp things to say about "the pretentious dogma that to admire a beautiful drawing needs any exceptional degree of artistic culture."

Rob Rat: a Story of Barge Life. (Wesleyan Conference Office.)—The author of this little story is, we believe, a Methodist minister, and if he preaches as well as he writes, his congregation may be congratulated on their pastor. As a tale writer he possesses much dramatic faculty, and a power of vivid, terse expression. His descriptions of bargee life and material environment are thoroughly realistic, and most interesting for that very reason. Indeed, there have been too many Rob Rats among our canal population, and the realities of their existence too melancholy to necessitate any expenditure of imaginative force for the purpose of eliciting the reader's sympathy. The *Water Rat*, with her nine inhabitants, including husband and unmarried wife, and seven children, but excluding the dog "Fly"—the father's favourite—all of them huddled in a cabin a few feet square, is but an exact type of many other craft that may be inspected any day in the Paddington basin as well as in the midland stations. Or, rather, we should have said, "that might have been" until the beginning of this week, when the Canal Boats' Act came into operation. Rob's story is very simple. It describes his flight from the savage, drunken fury of his father; his rescue from starvation by a fine old bargee named "Holy Noah," who soon after became the protector of Rob's sister, "Lizer," after she had been abandoned by her father in a hospital where her mother died. There is imaginative truth in the author's description of little Rob's first attempts at prayer, old Noah being either ashore or on deck at the time. The boy went timidly to the very spot where the old man generally knelt, imitated his attitude, and began, "softly and rather frightened:"—"Please, God, I'm not Noah, and I'm not good like Noah is; I wish I was. But, please, God, I'm sure Noah wishes it every bit as much as I do. And, please, God, if you know where everybody is, will you please to bless little

lame Lizer. She belongs aboard the *Water Rat*. And, please, God, to bless Fly, too. And don't be angry with me, please, God, for asking too much. Amen." On second thoughts, Rob added the following:—"If you please, oh God, I am Rat's boy, but Noah took me aboard. And, please, God, will you bless him, too." Or, take the description, page 15, of old Rat's frame of mind as he lay in the dark, in his over-crowded cabin, "flinging his huge hob-nailed boots about in a miserable state of unrest," and labouring under a vague sense of wrong at the birth of his seventh child. Rob was in the humour to lash out at anything that felt like somebody. He lashed out at little Rob; the "dawg," in a fright, bit old Rob, who was about to vent his wrath, not on his beloved dog, but on his own child, when the latter ran away, and so started on the short career told in this tale. Many of the incidents of the tale, and the woodcuts also, seem to have been taken from 'Our Canal Population,' written by Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, the apostle of the bargees, and the unofficial author, at least, of the new canal legislation. To the same energetic philanthropist the story is very appropriately dedicated.

The Annual Register: a Review of Public Events, at Home and Abroad, for the Year 1877. (Rivingtons.)—This useful publication continues to be edited with the utmost care and accuracy. The editor for 1877 had two tasks, which offer good tests of his impartiality and his patience. Merely to follow the incidents connected with the Eastern Question at home and abroad was a considerable trial of a writer's patience, and to keep party spirit out of his narrative of events required remarkable coolness of temper. The writer of the political part of the *Annual Register* has given a very fair account of the proceedings of English politicians of both parties, and has shown excellent judgment in the space he gives to their various speeches, not merely summarising the debates in Parliament, but describing important meetings in the country, and indicating the drift of opinion by quotations from the newspapers. A compilation so accurate and impartial furnishes admirable materials for the future historian. The compiler has shown equal judgment in describing the momentous strife of parties in France. The retrospects of literature and art are written by competent hands.

Paris Originals. By A. Egmont Hake. With twenty etchings by Léon Richeton. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.).—So many of Mr. Hake's sketches of Parisian eccentricities have appeared in the columns of *The Examiner* that we need do no more than notice the fact of the appearance of this revised and enlarged reprint. Mr. Hake has a knowledge of the odd *habitués* of the highways and byways of Paris such as few Englishmen possess, and he describes them with a finished and precise touch. The high-shouldered men and waistless women of M. Richeton's etchings are drawn with a grotesque humour in happy keeping with the author's subjects.

The Norman Conquest illustrated by the Bayeux Tapestry. A lecture by Ella Burton (Edinburgh Publishing Company; London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.).—In this lecture the results of hard study are presented in a very bright and readable form. Miss Burton has gone with indefatigable minuteness into the significance of the "623 human figures, 202 horses and mules, 55 dogs, 505 animals of different species, 49 trees, 41 ships and boats, and 37 houses," of which the tapestry is composed, and has qualified herself by earnest study of recent authorities to put the pictorial history into words. Her account of the outward appearance of the tapestry shows a talent for neat description:—"What was my surprise on entering the room set apart for its exhibition, to see, instead of the height of mouldering hangings I expected, a narrow and lengthy band of white linen, embroidered like a child's sampler, but with an exactitude and clearness which made the human figures therein represented have almost the appearance of mathematical diagrams, so much did angles and straight lines predominate in them, reminding one of classical and still more ancient friezes. This, then, was the Bayeux Tapestry; but why call it tapestry at all? which leads one to expect something of the proportions of a carpet or a hanging, yielding that maze of rich detail in ornamentation which the Raphael and Jamesone tapestries display. This memorial of the Conquest should certainly be called the Bayeux Embroidery. The band or width of linen of which it is composed, and which is of extraordinary purity of hue and fineness of texture, and all in one piece, is about 20 inches in width, while its length is 200 feet. This band is so clean and pure that I suspected it had been restored, but I have received a letter from the Abbé Laffetay at Bayeux declaring that it has never been cleaned, although here and there small parts of the worsted work which had rotted away have been replaced. Only in so clean a country as France could such a relic be preserved so long in purity."

THE MAGAZINES.

Mr. John Morley's article on "Lancashire" in the *Fortnightly Review* is a word in season on the subject of the recent Strike and Lock-out, a powerfully written and impartial discussion of what both sides have to say for themselves. Mr. Morley has no panacea to offer for these recurring disputes between masters and men, and no immediate lesson to draw "except that it is a pity that all the people in the world are not sensible, patient, unprejudiced, and very careful in conduct," but he wishes, apparently, to point out that both among masters and among men there is to be found a larger proportion of persons of this description than outsiders would suppose from the bitterness of their quarrels, and he appeals to the opposed classes to take a less angry view of each other's positions. More particularly, he claims a hearing for the workmen's side of the case, and shows that they are not so entirely to blame for the quarrel, and not so entirely unreasonable in all their demands as has been generally represented. He explains the paradox of their wishing to have 14s. a week and short time rather than 18s. a week with the ordinary hours, and shows that this proposal does not prove them to have been either idle rogues or absolute idiots. With equal fairness he sums up the objections which the masters had to this proposal. The article is full of suggestive ideas, and is admirably adapted to promote good feeling between the combatants. In the sketch which he gives of the characters and circumstances of employers and employed in Manchester, Mr. Morley takes occasion to express his opinion, founded on good evidence, that the mass of the workmen were not responsible for the recent rioting and fire-raising. After describing the homes of the working classes, their recreations, and their appearance on holidays, and saying that he doubts whether, in spite of drunkenness, unthrift, and grave social perils latent in the present organisation of industry, there is to be found "anywhere else on the earth's surface, even in the United States itself, so immense a population with such a command of the means of decent and happy living, and such a capacity of using them," he goes on to describe a less reputable class to be found in Lancashire, on whom must be thrown the blame of the outrages by which the present dispute has been disgraced:—

> By the side of these honourable workers is a stratum of the most depraved ruffians on the face of the earth. They are not the special product of the factory life, but the common product of town life. Their counterparts exist wherever population is thick enough to screen men of vicious propensities from the check of an effective public opinion. Their glance and bearing as you pass them in the roadway tell you that they are thriftless, dissolute, violent, brutal, unruly, and inveterately mutinous to the very core—not mutinous against the will of their employer, but organised rebels against every condition of wholesome and ordered life. This class furnishes a standing army for whatever passion may happen to be uppermost. We saw them in Blackburn in the autumn of 1868, scouring the streets with their picking-sticks, and breaking heads and windows to the sacred tune of Altar and Throne. A very well-informed Blackburn correspondent writes to the *Manchester Examiner*:—"Their boldness in defying the police and in attacking property is largely to be accounted for by the former practice of millowners and others of hiring them in mobs or large gangs at contested elections (before the ballot came into use) to fight, and maraud, and terrorise the quieter class of voters, in the interest of their respective candidates. These rough fellows have been taught to think that charging through the streets, storming committee rooms and polling-places, and smashing windows promiscuously, were but venial offences when committed on behalf of a candidate for a seat in the House of Com-

mons. Some of the men who denounce them so vehemently, now when they have turned their artillery against the masters' mills and houses, were the very persons who supplied them with the 'picking-sticks' for the party political street fights years ago, and who enjoyed nothing better than to see a Grimshaw Park and King-street mob meet and stone and belabour each other with weapons brought out of the factories, by special permission, for such a purpose." These are the people who violently break up the lecture of the agent of the Liberation Society. It was they who, some years ago, disgraced Bolton by outrageous riot and savagery on the occasion of a "Dilke meeting." And it was they, according to the better evidence, who formed at least the energetic nucleus of the mob who burned down the house of the spokesman of the employers, and did their best to promote a general wreckage of the mills.

We do not know whether the Rev. T. W. Fowle, Rector of Islip, who writes in the *Nineteenth Century* on "The Place of Conscience in Evolution," has any right to be considered a representative Churchman, but the article is a very remarkable one, remarkable on its own merits as a philosophical speculation, and doubly so as the work of a clergyman. It is a hopeful thing to find a clergymen with the courage to proclaim openly that he has "for long given such intellectual adherence as was in his power" to the general principle of evolution, and that, in his opinion, "evolution is taking its place as part of the furniture of the human mind." Mr. Fowle's object in this paper has been to show that the very qualities in the working of Conscience which have furnished arguments for its being an aboriginal faculty, the instantaneous directness, the unconditional simplicity, and the imperative character of its mandates, are exactly such as we should expect it to possess on the supposition that it has been evolved in the course of human history. Mr. Fowle's argument is so condensed that it would be impossible to give a fair idea of its ingenuity and cogency by any abstract, but we may indicate his starting-point. He defines the first beginnings of Conscience as "the struggle for existence become aware of itself in the mind of a thinking person." Man's "conduct," he says, "up to the moment or epoch when it became self-conscious was confined to these two spheres of action, flying (by combination or otherwise) for life, and killing for life." Man, and, perhaps, other creatures before him, before self-consciousness awoke, had unconsciously acted upon the idea that they had a right to live. The consciousness of this right must have been felt the moment the consciousness of existence was felt. "That no one has a right to take my life from me is a thought inseparable from myself; it is, at any rate, the first piece of knowledge of which I become possessed." Conscience must thus have had, from the first, the instantaneousness of a determination of the Will, its speciality being only the accompanying consciousness of acting for self-preservation. The primeval man may have felt the prick of conscience long before he found a name for the feeling; he "may have long felt the indescribable contrast between the external force that was everywhere threatening his existence, and the internal force that was resolutely bent on continuing to be before he called the two by the names right and wrong." How the feeling of right and wrong may have been developed beyond the mere rudimentary sense of duty to oneself into the sense of duty to neighbours, without losing its identity as a feeling and its simplicity as a determination, Mr. Fowle has traced with remarkable ingenuity.

Dr. James Donaldson contributes an interesting article to the *Contemporary*, on "the position of Women in Ancient Greece." We presume that this is only the first of a series of articles on the subject, or a portion of a larger work to be published separately, for Dr. Donaldson deals here only with the women of the Homeric Poems and of the palmy days of Sparta. He has adopted a popular rather than a philosophical style, stringing together anecdotes and descriptions without committing himself to general propositions, so that it is not easy to see what he means to "prove;" but he explains very lucidly the sources of the difference between Greek sentiment and modern sentiment in regard to women, and he points out that, in the states of society where Greek women had most influence, were treated with most respect, and gave most heroic examples of devotedness, women led a very healthy physical life, and there was great freedom of social intercourse between the sexes.

Mr. William Cyples, who writes an able article in the *Contemporary*, entitled "Johnson without Boswell," rebukes the world for preferring the light reading of Boswell's 'Life' to the study of the great Doctor's original writings. Boswell, he says, has "chalked upon the popular imagination a burly figure that faithfully enough renders Johnson's diseased body, but which gives only in a partial ill-qualified way his nimble, clear, polite, uneccentric intellect when acting at its best in literature." Johnson's effect upon us "is considerably trivialised" by Boswell's picture of his personal grotesqueness and his odd social eccentricities. Mr. Cyples has read the *Idler*, the *Rambler*, the *Adventurer*, the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, and *Irene*, and so qualified himself to write about Johnson without Boswell. Mr. Cyples writes well and sensibly, too sensibly, we fear, to make people very uneasy under the reproach that they prefer the Boswellised to the original Johnson. He explains that, of all writers in our literature, not excepting Lord Bacon and Shakespeare, Johnson "has said the greatest number of right things on moral subjects;" that the length of his sentences is, to a great extent, a matter of punctuation, and that his social essays are not deficient in knowledge of details, though they lack the indefinable charm which makes such writings popular. Mr. Cyples says, very truly, that Johnson's essays in the *Rambler* and elsewhere are so clever that "it would be possible to quote a series of passages from them so good that few persons could discover what was lacking in them." But, as he admits that nothing does ail them but "that nameless fault which only the collective public can find out," it is difficult to see why he should blame the public of this day for not reading them, or imply that Boswell has done his master an injustice by diverting public attention from them. There is nothing that Mr. Cyples has brought to light which is at all inconsistent with any trait in Boswell's picture. If Mr. Cyples had not seen Boswell through the refracting medium of Macaulay, we imagine he would not have introduced this careful study of Johnson's writings by any querulous allusion to the great biographer.

We heard the question lately raised what book one would choose as one's literary companion on a desert island, and settled in favour of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' A writer in the *Cornhill* is apparently more dainty in his taste; he would choose, if ever reduced to this dismal option, the 'Causeries' of Sainte-Beuve. This he says by way of introduction to some remarks on the critical method of that great critic, of whose method, as formally stated, he does not approve, though he is greatly enamoured of his practice. He particularly objects to Sainte-Beuve's saying that it is an advantage for critical purposes to have some knowledge of a man apart from his works, and even of his blood relations—his father, his mother, his brothers, and his sisters. Why not also his grandmother, and his uncles and aunts? asks the writer in the *Cornhill*, and states as follows his own notion of "the true critical method and the only sound and secure one:"—

If a critic happens to know anything personal about his author, let him try to forget it. Happy Virgil! Happy Shakspeare! We know nothing about either of your great-grandmothers and precious little more about yourselves. Possibly one was a bit of a courtier, and the other no end of a sad dog. But we don't know; and, accordingly, we read of the praises of Augustus, and Mæcenas, and Marcellus with charmed ears; and we peruse *Romeo and Juliet*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Venus and Adonis*, and even the *Sonnets* themselves, without turning up the whites of our eyes and wishing it was always Sunday. The best criticism, like the best poetry, is objective. I would say to the critic, as I would to the poet, "Mind you don't analyse over much. Look straight at the object, and tell us about it, just as it is, without too much subtle sentiment or too much recondite reasoning. Leave the man's grandmother alone, and his wife, and even his neighbour's wife. The loves of the poets may be very interesting; but the most interesting thing about them, at least to the robust and candid mind, is what they have said, and how they have said it! To keep before you eternally all that gossip and detraction, and envy, and even strict truth, have ransacked concerning the poet is to hamper and cloud your judgment concerning the poem. And as of poems, so of all other productions—histories, philosophies, statues, pictures, operas. Deal with these on their own merits. Look straight at the performance; purge yourself of your prejudices, and struggle to be candid. That is the only system, the only critical method, worth a rush."

This is forcibly put, and would be perfectly true if a writing retained as little impression of its maker as a chair, or a table, or a pair of shoes. But nearly all criticism of books is composed mainly of criticism of the author as reflected in them; and a little independent knowledge of the author is often a wonderful help towards the discovery of lurking touches of humour, pathos, and irony. If the critic is not to assist readers in this more intimate appreciation, and is to be debarred from subtle sentiment and recondite reasoning, and restricted to the discovery of what lies upon the surface, whatever is the good of criticism?

"In common with many others, I am somewhat weary of criticism," says Principal Shairp in an article in *Macmillan's*, apparently a reprint of one of his course of lectures at Oxford. "We have heard the best of what she has to say, and would now beg her to stand aside for a season, and give spontaneity its turn." When we found Principal Shairp at the beginning of his lecture paying high compliments to his "friend and forerunner," Mr. Matthew Arnold, we foresaw what was coming. Now professors of poetry, like new Sultans, often begin their reign by upsetting what has been established by their predecessors. Mr. Arnold had said that there was great work for criticism to do in this age in "learning and propagating the best that is known and thought in the world," and that, till criticism has fulfilled this function, it is vain to hope for such another great creative epoch as the Elizabethan period. Principal Shairp will not hear of this; his theory is that the poetry of any age can only reflect the feelings that are astir in that age, as, for example, the Jacobite poetry reflects the feeling of the Scotch people for the Pretender. Principal Shairp's instance of the Jacobite poetry is very unhappily chosen. It only shows how irresistibly facts are coloured by theories that Principal Shairp should say that the songs of the Scotch poets who wrote after 1745 are full of "tender tones of imaginative regret for a vanished time." Very tender are the tones of the "Hundred Pipers," and "What's a' the steer, Kimmer." The truth is that all Jacobite poetry, worth the name, without any exception that we can remember off hand, was written by people who were not born when the last rising was put down, and owed as much of its impulse to the publication of Percy's *Reliques* and such like "critical" efforts as to the national feeling. Principal Shairp quotes, as many others have done, the case of Gray as an example of the utmost a poet can do who is also a critic, and has a "great effort of thought and criticism behind him." But would Gray have been any better a poet if he had written without knowing that verse had ever been used by human beings before him? And why take Gray, when we know that Shakespeare himself was preceded by a great critical effort in the sense in which Mr. Matthew Arnold speaks of criticism, and did not scruple to help himself freely to the abundant materials which the industrial collectors of "the best that was known and thought in the world" had provided for him?

MUSIC.

THE SEASON.

The summer season of 1878 is drawing fast towards its close. Practically, it may be said to have joined the majority; for Flotow's new opera, promised at Covent Garden, is not likely to be an event of any importance to lovers of high-class music. The New Philharmonic Society gave its last concert on Saturday last, and its venerable senior followed suit on Wednesday. Neither of these two institutions has shown remarkable signs of progress in any direction, and both are open to much improvement in more ways than we have at present time or taste to point out. More spirit than by either has been evinced at a new series of orchestral concerts originating in the enterprise and courage of a lady, Mme. Viard Louis, who has found an able assistant in Mr. Weist Hill, the conductor of a band as efficient and well-trained as any other in London, always excepting the Crystal Palace. At these concerts several interesting novelties have been produced, and the programmes have, with few exceptions, been marked by taste and judgment. It is satisfactory to learn that the concerts will be resumed early in November, when Brahm's new symphony will be given. A number of English, German, French, Italian, and Scandinavian composers have promised contributions in the shape of original works, some of which, if not all, will no doubt fairly represent the schools of their countries. Amongst the list we are especially glad to observe the name of Herr Johann Svendsen, the Norwegian composer, at present in London, whose works have hitherto been strangely neglected in this country. These concerts might be much improved if Mme. Viard Louis would extend her unselfish love of art so far as to allow artists of European reputation to occasionally relieve her at the piano.

The operatic season has been of more than usual interest this year. Both managers have bestirred themselves to a considerable extent, and both are able to record a decided success which, curiously enough, is due in either case to the production of a work by a modern French composer. Of M. Massé's *Paul et Virginie* and of the late M. Bizet's *Carmen* we have spoken at length. That as an original work of art the latter is infinitely superior cannot be doubted for a moment. Bizet was a man of original mind, with an individual, frequently a whimsical mode of utterance, but one essentially his own; M. Massé speaks the language of his school fluently and cleverly, but without much variation. It is true that the subject derived from Bernardin de St. Pierre's immortal romance is infinitely more sympathetic than that which owes its origin to the clever but repulsive story by Prosper Merrimée. But this disadvantage is in London more than counterbalanced by the admirable impersonation of Bizet's heroine by Mlle. Minnie Hauk, while, on the other hand, the part of Virginia is too youthfully insipid for Mlle. Albani's dramatic gifts; the tenor-lovers, MM. Campanini and Capoul, matched with these ladies, being of about equal, namely, of very high excellence. As to the chance of lasting vitality there can be no comparison between the two works. But even *Carmen*, although in parts excellent, does not seem to rank amongst the few works destined to a permanent existence amongst the shiftings and vicissitudes of the stage.

Amongst new-comers on the Italian stage, two ladies, one Mlle. Pappenheim, an American German, the other Mlle. Cepeda, a Spaniard, have been the most remarkable. Both essay high tragedy, a field almost totally neglected since the death of Mme. Titiens. To say that with the impression of that great singer fresh in the memory of the audience Mlle. Pappenheim achieved a signal success in the part of Fidelio is to confer high praise indeed on that lady.

Amongst the events promised for the remainder of the season ought to be mentioned the appearance of Mme. Patti in Rossini's *Semiramide*, the first part of the heroic class attempted by that gifted lady. Of a dramatic character, although nowadays more fitted for the concert-room, is also the revival of Purcell's *Dido and Æneas*, promised for next Wednesday by Mr. Malcolm Lawson and the Gluck Society, an event that may be looked forward to with much interest.

VARIORUM NOTES.

According to a Californian paper, the accusation brought against the Heathen Chinee in America, that he does not readily fall in with the manners and customs of the country, has been disproved by one of the race, at least, who, having been constituted by some of his countrymen at San Francisco the treasurer of their savings, to the extent of several thousand dollars, has successfully absconded with the whole sum.

Some one recently wrote to Kossuth, asking him to help him to obtain payment for a large sum to which the Hungarian Revolutionists became indebted to him in 1848. Kossuth has answered him in a letter full of a certain frank, pathetic dignity. The ex-dictator, who once boasted that he had held the fortunes of

the House of Hapsburg in the hollow of his hand, tells his correspondent that he is absolutely unable, not from lack of will, but from lack of means, "to render help to you or any man in his distress." Kossuth expresses his regret that the nation which had taken on itself so many obligations to which it was not bound should have neglected to pay its lawful debts; but he declares that he himself is absolutely poor. His hands are pure and empty.

The clerk of the parish of S—— recently asked for an increase of salary, intimating that if it were not granted he must resign his office. The vicar took him at his word, and anticipated his resignation by a notice of dismissal, whereupon the repentant official sent him the following letter of recantation and entreaty:—

Most Rev. Sir: I avail myself of the opportunity of troubling your honour with these blundered up lines, which I hope you will excuse, which is the very sentiments of your humble servant's heart.

I ignorantly, hastily, but reluctantly gave warning to leave your highly-respectful office and most amiable duty as your servant and clerk of this your most well-wished parish and place of my succour and support. But, dear sir, I well know it was no fault of yours nor from any of my most worthy parishioners. It was because I thought I were not sufficiently paid for the interment of the silent dead.

But, will I be a Judas and leave the house of my God, the place where his honour dwelleth, for a few pieces of silver? No!

Will I be a Peter, and deny myself of an office in his sanctuary, and cause me to weep bitterly? No! Can I be so unreasonable as to deny, if I live, and am well, to ring that solemn toll that speaks of the departure of a soul? No! Can I leave off digging the tombs of my neighbours and acquaintances, which have many a time made me shudder and think of my mortality when I have dug up the remains of some as I well know? No! And can I as abruptly forsake the service of my beloved church, of which I have not failed to attend every Sunday for this seven and-a-half years, save one? No! Can I leave off waiting upon you, a minister of that Being that sitteth between the cherubims and that flieth upon the wings of the wind? No!

Can I leave that place where our most holy service nobly calls forth and says, those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder, and, being, as I am, a married man, let no man put asunder? No!

And can I leave that ordinance, where you say thus and thus I baptize in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and becomes generated and grafted into the body of Christ Jesus? No! Can I think of leaving off at Easter cleaning the house of God, in whom I take such delight, and looking down her aisles and beholding the sanctuaries and the tables of the Lord? No! And can I forsake to take a part in the thanksgiving of women after childbirth, when mine own wife has been delivered these ten times? No! And can I leave off waiting in the congregation of the Lord, which you well know, sir, is my greatest delight? No! And can I forsake the table of the Lord, at which I have feasted for I should suppose full thirty times? No! And, dear sir, can I forsake you, who has ever been so kind to me? No! And well I know will not entreat me to leave neither to return from following after you, for where you pray there will I pray, where you worship there will I worship, your church shall be my church, your people my people, and your God my God. By the waters of Babylon am I to sit down and weep—leave thee, oh, my church, and hang up my harp upon the trees that grow therein? No! One thing I have desired of the Lord, which I will require all the days of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the Lord and wail in his temple, and more to be desired of me of my beloved church than gold—yea, than much fine gold—and sweeter to me than honey in the honeycomb.

Now, sir, this the very desire of my heart is to wait upon you, which I hope you will find to be my delight, which it hitherto has been, but unthinkingly and rashly said, I would no longer, for which I have roared for the very disquietude of my heart.

Now, if you think me worthy to wait upon you, please to tell the churchwardens that all is reconciled, and if not I will get away into the wilderness and hide me in the desert in the clefts of the rocks, but I still hope to be your Gehuza and will meet my Schunamite. Say all is well, and I will conclude with my oft-repeated prayer, Glory be to the Father, &c. Amen. Now, sir, I shall go on with my fees the same as I found them, and will make no more trouble about them, but I will rest, I will not leave you now my delightful duties.—Yours, most obediently, — —.

A Pennsylvania paper the other day announced that it knew of a man in the town who had not been sober for twenty-five years. Although no names were mentioned, the editor received no less than twenty letters the next day from different persons, each complaining that the paragraph had a direct personal meaning. Here is a field for Dr. Cameron's Habitual Drunkards' Bill.

Mr. Pellegrini's recent efforts in portrait painting seem to have refined without at all impairing his powers of caricature. His caricature of Lord Beaconsfield in the "Season Number" of *Vanity Fair* is full of humorous points, ludicrously like, and yet unlike as a caricature should be. If it is time that the caricaturists let Lord Beaconsfield's face and figure alone, this study of Mr. Pellegrini's might well serve as their last word, their parting shot.

Mr. Whistler's etching of St. James's-street in the season is said to be a disappointment. It is so only if we expect more from the etching than etching can possibly give, and if we expect in copies printed off with comparative haste the same finish that we find in copies produced under the etcher's personal superintendence. An etcher cannot imitate nature like an oil-painter; his business is to suggest rather than to copy; and Mr. Whistler seems to us to have caught the brightness and movements of St. James's-street on a summer's day with a certainty of touch which it would be difficult to surpass on the copper-plate.

It was announced that the new journal of society, *Piccadilly*, would be illustrated by Mr. Whistler. It seems that this is not so; Mr. Whistler's contributions are to be entirely independent of the letter-press of the periodical. He calls them "Notes in Black and White," and the subjects will be such as arise in the course of his work as a painter, scraps, as it were, from his studio. The difference between them and ordinary lithographs of an artist's first sketches will be that Mr. Whistler will himself set down his ideas fresh as they occur on the lithographic stone, from which they will be transferred to paper without any other mechanical intermediary than the printer. It is a novel and interesting experiment, and a curious instance of the way in which multiplying processes are being turned to account for the diffusion of rarities.

It is rumoured that a vigilance committee has been formed among the members of several clubs for the purpose of repressing by energetic measures any slander concerning them or their relatives which may appear in any of the so-called society papers. They consider that one trans-Atlantic importation calls for the other, and that our personalties are not perfect without Judge Lynch to temper them.

An amusing little pamphlet has recently been circulating privately among a great many people, and causing much amusement. It purports to be a continuation of 'The History of Sir Charles Grandison,' in which, however, the character of that exemplary nobleman is assumed to be revealed in its true light. The manner in which Richardson's model hero is converted into a Tartuffe is exceedingly ingenious.

Mr. Sandford Fleming, engineer-in-chief of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, proposes a new system of time-keeping to obviate the inconvenience caused by the difference in time at different places. He proposes to name the hours after the letters of the alphabet, from A to X, and to start from Greenwich noon. In this case Washington noon would be represented by F, and the relation of the altered hours to any local time would present little difficulty. It seems to us, however, that the result of this would be to introduce a new complication into a system already sufficiently complicated.

The following conversation is reported to have taken place between two provincials, at the Théâtre Français, on beholding the statue of Talma. The first provincial observes:—"He is certainly very lightly clad;" to which the second replied, "My dear fellow, in those days actors did not make the money they make now-a-days."

Those who were surprised some little time ago by a performance at the Olympic theatre, entitled *Si Sloeum*, in which members of the Frayne family performed various extraordinary feats of shooting, will remember one especial example of their skill, which consisted in the husband shooting an apple off his wife's head while his back was turned to her, the gun being laid across his shoulder and aim being taken by means of a looking-glass. Many amongst the audience doubted at the time whether the whole affair was not a trick, performed by clever sleight-of-hand, and by a gun containing nothing more deadly than a charge of powder. However it may have been in that case, the feat has become a favourite one in America in all earnest, as

was proved by a recent case in Nantucket, when one of two women, who had gone through this performance frequently in public, missed her aim and shot the other dead, a short while ago. It is not agreeable to think that some such event might have taken place in a London theatre.

Mr. Malcolm Lawson's concert, to which we refer elsewhere, will be given on Wednesday next, at the Academy of Music, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square. Purcell's opera, *Dido and Æneas*, will be performed for the first time since 1677, and the programme will also include the greater part of Gluck's opera *Alceste*. There will be a full orchestra and competent professional soloists. Mr. Theo Marzials takes the part of Æneas.

Several alterations have been made in the caste of the *Cloches de Corneville* at the Folly Theatre which are not for the better. The Serpolette of Miss Emma Chambers lacks the brightness and vivacity belonging to Miss Katherine Munroe's rendering of the part, and M. Loredan is a very poor substitute for Mr. Howson as Henri Marquis de Corneville. Mr. Howson made the hero of this pleasant little opera a brilliant cavalier of the Dumas type, while in M. Loredan's hands he is neither heroic nor amusing.

The King of Burmah is said to have developed an eccentric but economical taste for paper hats. Some enterprising American manufacturer ought to adopt this idea at once, and make a fortune by turning out paper headpieces "of all shapes and sizes, great and small," thus rendering Biron's wager, "My hat to a halfpenny," much less reckless than it now appears.

'Adam contra Eve' is the title of a little book published in Heidelberg, in which the author pleads the cause of man against woman with all the ungallantry of Simonides of Amorgos. The humour of the work is, however, somewhat of the mildest, and the fair sex need not be greatly alarmed at their new opponent.

Some people say that the reason why the new statue of Captain Cook in Waterloo-place has the right hand extended in the air is in order that he may catch the quoits which the unhapy lady opposite him has been waiting all these years to throw to somebody.

Messrs. C. Kegan Paul and Co. will shortly publish a novel of Irish life, by a daughter of Smith O'Brien, the rebel of '48.

We understand that the sermon preached at the late ordination service in St. Paul's Cathedral, by the Rev. Francis J. Holland, of Quebec Chapel, will shortly be published by Messrs. Kirby and Endean.

John Habberton, the author of 'Helen's Babies,' has just published a new book, entitled 'The Crew of the *Sam Weller*.'

The Biblothèque Charpentier has just published the second volume of Théodore Duret's *Histoire de Quatre Ans*," containing the narrative of the events of 1870 to 1873.

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